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A mad lunch party

"Your watch, I daresay," said the Mad Hatter, "doesn't tell the same time two minutes running."

"Of course it doesn't," said Alice, "It tells the right time."

"As far as I'm concerned," said the Hatter, "the right time is Guinness Time. My watch never says anything else."

"What a very good arrangement!" Alice exclaimed.

"Oh, but it isn't, you know," said the March Hare. "We never have time to go out and get more Guinness between whiles."

"Then you ought to tell them to bring it round," Alice sensibly remarked.

"A capital notion," said the Hatter gravely. "And then, you know, the Guinness will bring *us* round."

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Volume CCXVII No. 2831

The SPHERE, London, May 15, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

FAREWELL TO GOZO—THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, NOW NEARING LONDON AT THE CLOSE OF THEIR COMMONWEALTH TOUR, SAIL FROM THE ISLAND OF GOZO AFTER THEIR BRIEF VISIT : They are seen in the Royal barge en route to the *Britannia*, acknowledging the cheers of the islanders gathered at Mjiar. The visit, which followed the five-day stay in Malta, did not begin until six o'clock and it was dusk as the Royal couple set out on their journey to Gibraltar.

The triumphant and memorable Royal tour of the British Commonwealth and Empire is now in its final phase and London is ready to welcome home the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh after their six-month journey. The last calls on the trip through the Mediterranean were at Malta, Gozo and Gibraltar, the visits to the last two places being only of short duration. At Gozo the Queen and the Duke landed at the little port of Mjiar, and although they were only ashore about two hours, carried out several engagements. First they drove to Victoria, the capital, where the Queen unveiled the island's war memorial and then, after receiving a gift from the people, went on to the Bishop's Palace for tea. At Malta the departure was delayed a little and instead of the Queen and the Duke leaving from Custom House Quay, they embarked from a small quay close to the Marsa Polo Ground, where the Duke had been taking part in a match. It was an informal ceremony but thousands of Maltese gathered at all the vantage-points to wave farewell as the *Britannia* steamed away. (See also pages 247, 248-49 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

ART IN THE OPEN AIR

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL OPEN-AIR DISPLAY OF PAINTINGS IN THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS, LONDON : A general view of the exhibition, which closes to-day (Saturday), as passers-by pause to look at the pictures. The exhibition has the distinction of being one of the few where one can see both pictures and artists and the many people who flock to the Embankment during lunch hours are divided fairly sharply into picture-gazers and artist-gazers. The paintings, which cover a wide range of subjects in a wide range of mediums, are displayed on a specially constructed wire fence, and artists may sell their pictures to the public. The show, which is popular, is sponsored by the L.C.C.

ELIZABETH KAYE, OF CROYDON, TAKES IT EASY WHILE AWAITING THE EARLY-MORNING VISITORS : A fellow-artist, Mrs. Anne Bulitis, smoking a pipe, is admiring her paintings.

IT IS A COSMOPOLITAN EXHIBITION : Coque Martinez, of Spain, now living in Brixton, receives advice on the hanging of his picture, which is called "Football 1850," from Marguerite Chapuzet, who comes from France.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

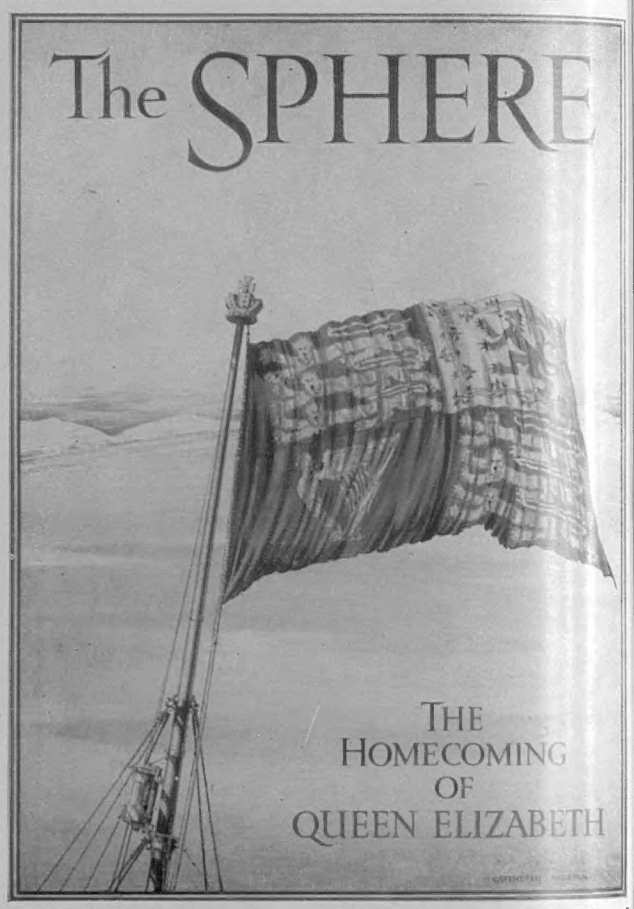
Welcome Home.—Next week THE SPHERE has arranged to publish a special issue commemorating the Queen's return to London. Meanwhile, in common with every other journalist in the land, I write my welcome home to the Queen and the Duke after their very long and immensely successful tour. It was the fulfilment of a promise made many years ago : looked forward to as much by the visitors as by the visited. The Queen's father was prevented from fulfilling it by illness and death. The Queen and the Duke have made the great tour an event which will always fill its page in English history and its chapter in the history of our own times. Such tours as these are not made without sacrifices and calls to self-discipline and endurance. Everything which science, money, planning and organisation can do to alleviate the strains of ceremonial functions so prolonged is done, of course. But the task still calls for sacrifices and endurance and infinite goodwill, a six-months parting from young children, the imponderable discomforts of weather, a certain sameness in the programmes, everlasting replies to addresses, a ceaseless show of interest, a smile for every occasion. These things require youth and strength. And they are not enough. The interest must be real, the sympathy sincere. The smile must be from the heart, the words spoken must flow from a sincerity, a humanity, an abounding interest in the human race and an abounding pride in the British Commonwealth of Nations. And all the evidence from every land visited proves that the test was triumphantly passed. "How lovely are the messengers who bring us the gospel of peace." This was a goodwill mission in all conscience, and made more lovely by the contrasts of concurrent events and by the bitter clashes and hideous suspicions which sully international relations. What price can be set on the value of a charming smile, a kindly word, a graceful action, in our ugly world to-day ? They are above rubies. They strengthen, not shatter, the iron curtains which divide peoples from peoples, all longing to live in peace. We have in the last months, following this notable mission from day to day and from land to land, seen the power of the gentle virtues. And we can only hope that the lessons of this great mission of goodwill, so splendidly accomplished, may penetrate across the earth we live on.

The Primrose Way.—The Primrose League always seems to me as English as St. George's Day. Its annual meeting is like May Day revels, wherever they survive, a nostalgic reminder of an Old England of milkmaids and smocked swains, chimney-sweeps and great noblemen owning all the land and the patronage, of Disraeli and his Lothairs. It is usual at the League's annual meeting for the chief speakers to encourage the faithful with fighting speeches, deriding the Polyphemus of the Opposition party, boosting Toryism. There could be no better audience for appreciating the stings and flings at the iconoclasts and the glorifications of the good old days. It may be that Sir Winston was following established custom when he chose Mr. Bevan for his Aunt Sally. In politics, he has often shown us that he regards attack as the best means of defence, and, indeed, he is a bonny fighter. We are so accustomed to regard him as a fully-furnished treasury of political wisdom, a man too big to be swayed by rancour, that we reject any suspicion that such a man could have bitter memories of past maulings received from Mr. Bevan or could fall to winning a cheap laugh from an audience only too ready to applaud jeers. Otherwise, one might wonder whether the jeers he poured on Mr. Bevan were really worthy of so great a man, even if traditional for the occasion. The speech was not all jeers. The "sombre" international situation was treated with the customary weighty bromides which statesmen must dispense in public, and the Premier's loyalty to his colleagues was expressed in terms of highest praise. But when he descended to Mr. Macmillan's predecessor and earned those ready laughs, I had a cowardly feeling that perhaps Mr. Bevan was not "so down and out" as Sir Winston suggested, and might rise again and kick back, refuting charges of personal ambition and claiming an honourable name in politics. No doubt, it was all "nice clean fun" and well understood by politicians of all parties as all in the game. Myself, I am not a member of the finest club in the world—or even of the Primrose League.

Political Apathy.—I note that of late politicians and other pundits have been taking us, the British public, young and old, to task for taking too much interest in sport and shows and too little in international and home politics. Politicians as a class are not remarkable for their knowledge of human nature. They look at politics from the inside ; how the business seems to them, and how it affects them. The British public has always been interested in action in progress ; it likes a "happy ending" to its plays. At least in a football match somebody wins (in the end). If every match was drawn, attendances would fall. They do in cricket. It is so in international politics. We are bored with the stalemate. I wish the politicians who trounce us for apathy would read not to-day's papers, but the papers of past years. Then they would get an idea of why we grow bored with international politics. For they would observe with surprise that the vital issues of the late '40's are the vital issues of to-day, and have not advanced by an inch. You cannot ask a frail public to watch a stalemate with bated breath for ever. So we spend our spare time and shillings at a football match or a "flick," where at least *something happens*. We may not get full value or interest for our money, but at least we get something out of it. But we are rather fed up with international and local politics. These plays have too long runs and there is never a happy ending. They are like *Charley's Aunt* or *Chu Chin Chow*, with the fun and the glamour excised, for us if not for the actors.

Playing at Business.—The other day I attended one of the regular licensing sessions presided over by the Chairman of Quarter Sessions. To this court come periodically for confirmation new, or extensions of, licences granted by Petty Sessions (and incidentally, it is interesting to observe the present trend for "full" on licences, revealing the increasing demand for wine and spirits in locals formerly satisfied to sell beer. It is the ladies who ask for wine). The Session took the best hours of the day. On each side of the Chairman sat six members of the Licensing Committee, twelve good men and true, summoned from all over the county to "adjudicate" with him. The very efficient and highly qualified Chairman conducted the business to admiration. The applicants (brewers, licensees) were all represented by counsel, and the same questions were asked, the same evidence given, as in the lower courts. Had he wished to do so, the Chairman could not possibly have consulted assessors sitting several yards away, and, in fact, the assessors sat all day as dummies and robots. I keenly felt the waste and absurdity of our situation. Twelve men playing at business ! These men drove in to the Sessions town, lunched there and talked about poachers, and drove home in the evening feeling that public duty had been done. Worse still, most of these

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF "THE SPHERE"



THE HOMECOMING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH : This is a reproduction of the cover in full colour for next week's special double number of "The Sphere" commemorating the return to London of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh from their extensive tour of the British Commonwealth and Empire. The arrival in this country will be fully illustrated, and, in addition, there will be pages in colour of scenes in the South Seas, New Zealand and Australia, and a special pictorial section portraying some of the memorable events of the Queen's Commonwealth journey. This Special Number of "The Sphere" will be on sale next Friday, price 4s. To ensure obtaining a copy an order should be placed with your usual newsagent or bookstall immediately. In case of difficulty a postal order for 4s. should be sent direct to the Publisher, Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2.

men return home to fill in a form registering the mileage and time covered, with a view to recovering the cost of their petrol, and what not. Why twelve men? Why not a rota of two at a time? Why must the tax- and rate-payer endure this futile and foolish extra burden? Why is it no one's business to curb the senseless waste of redundant membership of out-worn committees? The dismal truth is that there is not a single individual in this country willing or competent to check this needless waste of public money. Local government requires this ridiculous "playing at business" to feed its new pride and glory.

Geneva and all That.—Naturally, I should wish to put in the forefront of this Newsletter the subject of first interest to the world to-day, the Geneva Conference, which opened so smoothly with promises of co-operation and flowered phrases. Bound up with Geneva were other conferences (Colombo, for example), and to the best of my ability I have read in the most reputable papers all the reports and progress reports made available to us. And from them I have derived absolutely nothing on which to base a layman's commentary. The men on the spot, "our own correspondents," are not only contradictory, they are hopelessly vague. Some are still hopeful even of results for Korea. Some have abandoned hope for Korea and pin their hopes for Indo-China on a miracle. The split between Britain and America is measured as a crack in the plaster or as a gulf. I cannot recall such a state of fog and bewilderment remaining after the men on the spot have ransacked the lobbies for several days at any major conference. I have a suspicion that the fog and bewilderment penetrate to the inner chambers of Government in Washington, London, Paris, and elsewhere, and that a good deal of fog was there before the Conference began. I accept it that I and you ought to take a prime interest in this important event in international politics, but, for once, my excuse is not that I have a trivial mind, but that I have a mind which cannot peer through a pea-soup fog. When a journalist is not well up in a burning topic, he can generally pick up an idea from an esteemed contemporary. Not this time.

O To Be in England . . . !—May came in like a lion in England, while in Italy Randolph Turpin went out like a lamb. Browning's home thoughts from Italy need revising to suit the remarkable changes in our seasons, due to the atom bomb or to the wrath of God on the children of disobedience. Indeed, there is a case for a Royal Commission of meteorologists to revise the whole range of our spring poetry, post-dating spring and the other season by two months. After April, May followed, but I have yet to see a swallow, or hear a cuckoo or a nightingale. The slogan for May Day and its first successors was "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Even the cheerful Mr. Morrison was affected by the weather in Hyde Park at the traditional May Day rally of the Red Flag. The tooth of that polar wind and frozen rain was not more keen than the cries of "We want Bevan." I dare say it was quite as nasty on the Continent, where the poets wisely made less fuss about the sweets of spring. Indeed, the seasons are "all abroad," and for all we care they are welcome to stay there. In Russia and some of the satellite countries, they welcomed in May with the roar of jets and tanks and the rhythm of jackboots. Our shivering crowds at least came together to see and hear nothing more frightful than tub-orators. And our blackened commons and beauty spots had a week-end off, with the fire brigades. The week-end arson gangs stayed in London and warmed themselves by their own firesides. Certainly our poets are out-of-date. And yet I seem to remember that visiting Test teams from warmer climes quite often arrive here in polar and not cricket weather, and that even the open-air "Academy" in Embankment Gardens, with exhibits shrouded in tarpaulins, sometimes drives people to the rival show in Burlington House.

Like Stars Appearing.—This is necessarily a very late note on an interesting stage production. I was unable to get to Glyndebourne for the production of Lord Duncannon's play about St. Richard of Chichester. Thereby I lost much value to the play in scenery, lighting, and other effects possible in that famous theatre and impossible in a concert hall. But I am not sure there were not compensating gains. The "Esplanade" at Bognor is an enchanting little theatre, and I was told that the fine team of actors had improved consistently since their first appearance. Certainly, Lord Duncannon had been well served by his producer, Anthony Besch, of Glyndebourne fame, who had cut the "play of the book" to workable proportions; by the designer, David Goodman, and by as dignified, talented and clear-speaking a team of players as a religious drama could hope for, and, indeed, requires. As a result, the fine language, the historical sense and the skilled characterisation of the chief persons of the drama, which the author brought to his very difficult task, received every possible aid to success; and success was the result. Rightly, the character of Grosseteste dominated the play unobtrusively, while all the graces illumined the parts of Richard and the Archbishop; and the King Henry of Paul Hansard, "*il re della simplice vita*," weak and obstinate, faithless and faithful, was a masterpiece of meretricious beauty. To earthly men, conscious of their unworthiness for communion with the Saints, the first act was perhaps the more appealing. But Lord Duncannon succeeded in breathing life and reality into stained-glass figures and bringing an obscure and legendary epoch into the realms of practical politics and history. I believe the play will be repeated at Glyndebourne next year.

THE OLD STAGER

A HELICOPTER COMES "OFF THE SECRET LIST"

A HOME-MADE HELICOPTER STRETCHES ITS WINGS IN MANCHESTER: Mr. J. Murray, a motor mechanic of Lower Broughton in Manchester, is seen trying out his home-made one-seat helicopter while passers-by stop and wonder at the strange machine.

Right—

THE HELICOPTER IS EASILY TRANSPORTABLE: Mr. Murray is seen leading his machine from the garage where it was built in secret. The helicopter is powered by an old aeroplane engine which drives two contra-rotating rotor blades and directional control is obtained through the stick coming down from the joint below the rotor blades. The frame of the machine is made from lightweight cycle tubing, and Mr. Murray says that with mass production methods, the helicopter would sell at about £200. The machine has yet to make its maiden flight.

LONDON PREPARES FOR THE HOMECOMING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

CRUSH-BARRIERS GO UP ALONG THE ROYAL ROUTE FROM WESTMINSTER PIER TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Men are seen erecting one of the barriers in Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square, in readiness for this afternoon's State drive by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, following their arrival at Westminster Pier at the conclusion of their Commonwealth tour. Her Majesty and His Royal Highness are expected to land at the pier at 3.15 p.m., the last lap of the journey from Tower Bridge being made in the Royal barge. If the weather is bad, the Queen and the Duke will probably land at either Gravesend or Greenwich and then drive by car to London.

A ROYAL VISIT

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands in London and Tidworth during her Recent Visit to England

QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS VISITS THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT: Queen Juliana is seen on the saluting-base at Tidworth Barracks with Lieut.-General Sir Lashmer Whistler, Colonel of the Regiment. The Queen of the Netherlands is Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment.

INSPECTING THE TROOPS: Queen Juliana is accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Ashworth, D.S.O., the Commanding Officer. Lieut.-General Sir Lashmer Whistler walks behind. Queen Juliana visited the regiment during her two-day visit to this country last week. She travelled from London to the barracks at Tidworth, in Hampshire, by car, and was accompanied for part of the journey by outriders of the regiment. The occasion of the Queen's visit was also the first time that the regimental Colours had been paraded since they were presented to the regiment by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother in August last year.

On right—

A BOUQUET FOR THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS: Elizabeth, the eight-year-old daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Ashworth, presenting Queen Juliana with a bouquet during the visit to the Royal Sussex Regiment.

On left—

QUEEN JULIANA RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF A CITY OF LONDON COMPANY: She is seen accepting a casket containing a Freedom scroll from Mr. Kenneth Roberts, the Master of the Carpenters' Company. The ceremony took place in the Drapers' Hall, as the hall of the Carpenters' Company was destroyed by enemy action during the war.

A 250TH ANNIVERSARY

The Royal Marines Celebrate the Capture of the Rock of Gibraltar

THE ROYAL MARINES TROOPING THE COLOUR TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAPTURE OF GIBRALTAR: *Above*—Lieut.-General J. C. Westall, the Commandant-General, Royal Marines, is seen taking the salute during the Trooping ceremony at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, last week-end. On horseback in the foreground is the Commander, Royal Marine Barracks, Eastney, Colonel R. W. B. Simmonds. *On left*—Marching the Colour off the parade-ground during the ceremony at Eastney. It was through the successful bombardment of Gibraltar by men and ships led by Sir George Rooke in 1704 that the Rock became a British possession.

MALTA WELCOMES THE ROYAL VISITORS

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh spend Five Days in the George Cross Island and Receive a Great Welcome

THE QUEEN LANDS AT VALLETTA TO ATTEND THE PRIME MINISTER'S RECEPTION ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE STAY IN MALTA : For the journey in the Royal barge from H.M.Y. *Britannia* Her Majesty wore a cloak over her evening dress. The first part of the stay at Malta was devoted to official ceremonies, but later in the week the Queen and the Duke were able to go ashore with their children and take part in the activities at the Marsa polo ground. The two outstanding occasions held in the presence of the general public were the unveiling of the memorial to 2,300 Commonwealth airmen and the march-past after the Combined Services parade at the Floriana parade ground. Prince Charles and Princess Anne also went ashore to witness the ceremony.

THE STATE BALL IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE : The Queen and the Duke seen in conversation ; in the background is Lady Pamela Mountbatten, one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting. During the evening the Royal party watched a performance of the Maltija, a native Maltese dance.

THE WELCOME AT GOZO : *Left*—Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh seen leaving the Bishop's Palace after tea, and, *on right*, the reception in the main square at Victoria, when the Queen unveiled the island's war memorial. Although this was the first visit to Gozo by a reigning Sovereign, the Queen, as Princess, had previously visited the island a few years ago. Just prior to the Royal arrival at Mjiar there had been heavy rain and many of the decorations were spoiled.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, IN COMPANY WITH THE GOVERNOR, SIR GERALD CREASY, WALKS PAST A GUARD OF HONOUR OF MALTESE DANCERS DRESSED IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME. The Duke of Edinburgh is seen just behind escorting Lady Creasy. The occasion was the State Ball at the Governor's Palace in Valletta, attended by over 1,000 guests. Later in the week, during a respite from official engagements, the Queen went ashore again to attend another ball—this time a more informal affair at Malta's Polo Club.

MALTA: FORMALITY AND INFORMALITY DURING THE ROYAL VISIT

AN OFFICIAL RECEPTION AND AN INFORMAL VISIT TO A POLO MATCH: *Left*—The Queen, accompanied by the Prime Minister, seen walking along a corridor at the Auberge D'Aragon (House of the Knights of Aragon) during the reception given by the Premier. Earlier in the same day Dr. Olivier had delivered an address of welcome at the Governor's Palace. *Right*—The Royal Family and Lord and Lady Mountbatten seen at the polo match for the Rundle Cup played between the Royal Navy and the Army. During the match the Queen and Lady Mountbatten sat in the stand with the two children; at half-time a visit was made to the players' enclosure.

THE FIREWORK DISPLAY IN GRAND HARBOUR AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE ROYAL VISIT: The floodlit Royal yacht *Britannia* and the warships of the British Mediterranean Fleet stand out in contrast against the grey-looking buildings of the town. Many of the ships had taken part in a rendezvous with the *Britannia* as she steamed towards Malta from Tobruk. At night-time as the Fleet made its way towards Valletta in company with the Royal yacht, all the ships were floodlit.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TAKE THE SALUTE AS THE SHIP'S COMPANY MARCH PAST ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "EAGLE": The White Ensign and the bunting are seen flying in the stiff breeze which was blowing throughout the inspection and the march-past. The Queen arrived on the flight-deck by way of one of the two aircraft lifts. After touring the aircraft-carrier the Royal party went on to the cruiser *Glasgow*, flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet.

AFTER the FALL of the FORTRESS

Grief, Pride and Resentment are Shown by Frenchmen in Europe After Dien Bien Phu had Finally been Overrun

THE SAD NEWS IS GIVEN TO CORRESPONDENTS IN GENEVA: M. Jacques Baeyens, the spokesman for the French delegation at the Geneva Conference, announcing the fall of Dien Bien Phu. The following day the conference on Indo-China opened. M. Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, made a brave speech, declining to accept peace at any price. He said that there could be no cease-fire in Indo-China without international guarantees and the disarmament of all Viet Minh irregulars.

THE DEFENDER OF DIEN BIEN PHU AT HIS HEADQUARTERS: Brigadier Christ... de Castries (on right) with a paratroop commander shortly before the f... assault on the fortress. The last moments at Dien Bien Phu were dramatic. For... Legion parachutists formed "square" around the headquar... of General de Castries, and ... Commander's last message was ... General Cogny in Hanoi. He s... "We will destroy our guns and ... our radio material. I am blowin... all our installations. The muniti... dump is exploding already. ... *revoir, mon General. Vive ... France!*" French aircraft, at g... cost to themselves, continued ... supply the garrison with ammunit... and supplies of food almost to ... last moments of the battle. Th... who remained in touch with ... headquarters said that Brigadier d... Castries was to the end extra... ordinarily calm, and that there ... never any talk of surrender. His fate and that of his staff was not immediately known, but it was reported that the command post staff fought on for an hour after the main battle had ended.

THE MINISTERS WHO ARE BEING HEAVILY CRITICISED: *On left*—M. Joseph Laniel, the Prime Minister, and *right*—M. René Pleven, the Minister for Defence. They are seen leaving a meeting of the Cabinet called at the Palais d'Elysée after the fall of Dien Bien Phu. Severe criticism has been levelled against the Government.

TO THE BARRICADES! The crowd breaking through the barriers erected in the Champs Elysées after General de Gaulle had laid a wreath at the Arc de Triomphe.

EX-SERVICEMEN—AND THE POLICE—ASSEMBLE IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES: During the week-end which followed the fall of Dien Bien Phu a number of ceremonies were held in Paris to commemorate the end of the war in Europe. These ceremonies generally passed off calmly, but on several occasions ex-Servicemen took the opportunity to express their grief at the reverse and their dissatisfaction with the Government.

A CONTROVERSIAL FIGURE AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: A tired-looking General de Gaulle paying homage at the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Paris. General de Gaulle was greeted with great enthusiasm by the large crowds.

THE LATEST PICTURES FROM DIEN BIEN PHU

The Stand of the Garrison Against Tremendous Odds, Which came to an End after Heroic Resistance

The pictures on this page are the last which were flown out of the beleaguered fortress of Dien Bien Phu before the use of the landing strips by aircraft became impossible. They depict the grim conditions under which the French Union and Viet Nam forces had to fight even then. The most recent attacks of the Viet Minh rebels, however, made considerable inroads on the defences, and the fate of the stronghold, so gallantly defended under the command of Brigadier de Castries, hung more than ever in the balance. The area of the defensive positions was considerably reduced by the capture by Viet Minh troops of many outposts beyond the main defences. With the area now drastically reduced, it became increasingly difficult to drop supplies and reinforcements by air. The rains also hampered the defenders. The heavy air attacks against Viet Minh artillery and supply points were held up. In addition, the rains turned the carefully prepared defences, the well-dug bunkers and trenches, into a sea of mud. This not only made movement extremely difficult but also exposed the defenders to the fire of enemy artillery. It is generally believed that the fall of Dien Bien Phu will throw open Indo-China to the rebel forces of Ho Chi-minh, and senior commanders have been criticised for allowing the battle to take place at all. Nothing, however, can detract from the almost universal admiration for the defenders of the fortress.

VIET MINH ARTILLERY OPENS UP ON THE DEFENDERS : Infantrymen patrolling the barbed-wire perimeter of Dien Bien Phu throw themselves to the ground as enemy shells burst near by. The Viet Minh artillery fire usually increased in intensity towards dusk. The rains, which washed away most of the protective trenches, finally added to the difficulties of the defenders.

ESTABLISHING AN OUTPOST : With a roll of barbed wire lying near by, soldiers of the French Foreign Legion are seen digging slit trenches to establish an outpost near the main defensive positions. 30,000 rebel troops took part in the final offensive.

EVACUATING WOUNDED FROM THE FRONT LINE : A wounded soldier is carried to a central casualty clearing station from the north-east stronghold at Dien Bien Phu. In the last few weeks one of the greatest anxieties had been the evacuation of wounded soldiers to hospitals in Hanoi.

FIRST-AID ON THE SPOT : A French medical orderly dressing the wounds of a soldier in the entrance to a dug-out. The only woman at Dien Bien Phu, a nurse, was recently twice decorated.

THE WOUNDED WHO CANNOT BE EVACUATED : Two Viet Nam parachutists huddle with French Union soldiers in a first-aid post.

THE COMMANDER OF THE PARATROOPS : Colonel Langlais, recently promoted, commanded the paratroops who had reinforced the garrison.

A FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

A Pictorial Account of Events in Asia, Africa, Europe and America

TOKYO CROWDS PAY THEIR RESPECTS TO THE EMPEROR ON HIS BIRTHDAY: The thousands assembling outside the west wing of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, where they awaited the appearance of Emperor Hirohito. It was the occasion of the Japanese Emperor's fifty-third birthday, and the throng cheered him when he appeared on a specially-constructed platform at the left of the buildings. The Palace grounds are only open to the public on special occasions, such as New Year's Day and the Emperor's birthday. At the last New Year celebrations sixteen people were killed in a crush on the Nijubashi bridge outside the Palace. The birthday celebrations passed off without incident.

EX-QUEEN NARRIMAN MARRIES AGAIN: The twenty-year-old former wife of ex-King Farouk with her husband, Dr. Adham el Nakib, after their quiet wedding in Heliopolis, near Cairo. A month before an Egyptian court had ordered the final decree of divorce between her and the exiled King. Dr. el Nakib's father was sentenced by the Revolutionary Tribunal last October to fifteen years' imprisonment on a charge of corruption. The young doctor, who was educated at Cambridge and received training in London, works at the Anglo-Swiss Hospital, Alexandria.

THE FUNERAL OF A VETERAN FRENCH TRADE UNION LEADER: The courtyard of the Palais Royal in Paris during the funeral service of Léon Jouhaux, who died at the age of seventy-four. The ceremony was attended by the French President, M. Coty, and the Prime Minister, M. Laniel.

THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL MARRIES AGAIN: Louise, Duchess of Argyll, with her husband, Mr. Robert Timpson, in the Colony Club, New York, after their wedding. On the left is her sixteen-year-old son, the Marquess of Lorne, who is heir to the Duke of Argyll. The marriage ceremony was performed by Justice James McNally, of the Supreme Court. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. Henry Clews, the American sculptor, had been married twice previously. Mr. Timpson is an American who went to Eton.

Throughout his long career in public life Léon Jouhaux was a dominant figure in the French and international labour movements. He was elected Secretary-General of the Confédération Générale du Travail in 1909 and since then has been a leading force in the French Trade Union movement. Between the wars he played a prominent part in the rise of the Popular Front movement and organised the important sit-down strikes of 1936. Under German occupation Jouhaux was repeatedly arrested and was finally deported to Germany in 1943. His uncompromising opposition to the Germans was equalled, after the war, by his refusal to allow the Communists to dominate his union, which led to its split in 1947. Since that year Jouhaux had been President of the French Economic Council, and in 1951 his services to international labour were recognised by the award of the Nobel Peace Prize.

On right—

THE DOUBLE-DECKER SHUTTLE SERVICE TO A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE ENDS: The 100-ton train with its quaint double-decker coaches which has been running a service between Montmorency and the popular resort of Enghien-les-Bains since 1890. The towns are about two miles apart, and the old train often reached a top speed of 18 m.p.h. during its run. Much to the regret of many former passengers, the train will shortly be replaced by an unexciting bus service.

THE ROME-COPENHAGEN EXPRESS INVOLVED IN A COLLISION IN GERMANY : An aerial view of the scene at Hanau, near Frankfurt, after a local train had rammed the express at a switch-point. Three people died and sixty were injured when five of the coaches of the express were derailed. The engine toppled over an embankment and a sleeper-coach was flung on to the top of the dining-car. Among the dead was a German woman returning from her honeymoon in Italy ; her husband was injured.

On left—

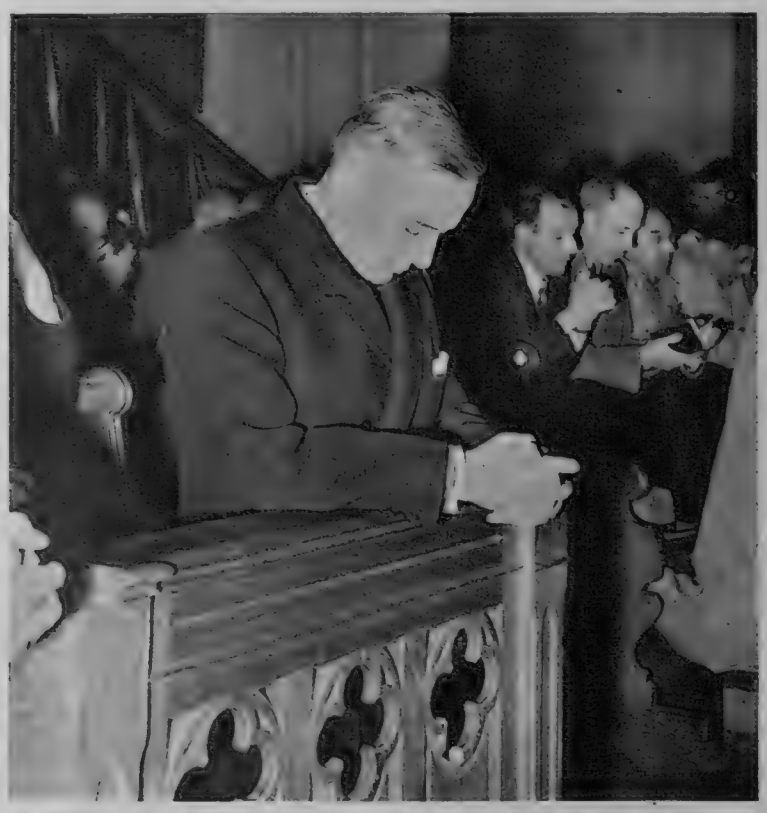
VICTORS IN THE ELECTIONS IN BRITISH HONDURAS : At the doorway of the People's United Party headquarters in Belize stand, from left, Albert Cattouse, the Vice-President ; William Elijah Coffin, the chairman ; and Leigh Richardson, Party leader. In the recent elections in British Honduras the P.U.P. won eight of the nine seats in the Assembly which were being contested. The party is very anti-British, and has strong Communist influences.

Above—

A GERMAN-AUSTRIAN HIMALAYA EXPEDITION LEAVES MUNICH : A large crowd of well-wishers came to Munich Station to give members of the 1954 German-Austrian Himalaya Expedition a rousing send-off. They were on their way to Genoa, where they boarded a ship for Pakistan. The expedition, under the leadership of Mathias Rebitsch, will climb in the Karakorum range, where a number of mountains over 22,000 ft. are still unexplored.

SIDELIGHTS ON GENEVA

The Ministers and Their Advisers and Guards, Away from the Discussions in the Conference Hall



M. BIDAULT AT PRAYER : The French Foreign Minister at an evening service in the Church of Notre Dame at Geneva. With the burden of the Indo-China discussions on him, M. Bidault has been one of the most harassed of Ministers at Geneva. On a number of occasions he has had private talks with Mr. Molotov on the subject of an Indo-China armistice.

A QUICK CHAT AFTER THE SESSION : Mr. R. G. Casey, the Australian Minister for External Affairs, raises a finger as he talks to the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden. On the right is the Marquess of Reading, a Minister of State at the Foreign Office, who is also a member of the British delegation at Geneva.

On left—

MR. MOLOTOV'S SHY BODYGUARD : Modesty forbids some of the Russian security guards to show their faces when Press photographers arrived at the car in which they were waiting outside the Palais des Nations. The guard at the wheel makes the best of his predicament.

On right—

A HAPPY DIPLOMAT ARRIVES IN GENEVA : Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, the American Ambassador to Italy, smiled gaily when she arrived from Rome. She came to Geneva for talks with the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles. The day after her arrival Mrs. Luce and Mr. Dulles left for Rome.

THE IRON CURTAIN—SWISS STYLE : Swiss security guards armed with automatic weapons check the credentials of the occupants of an American car. This scene, which contrasts with the free-and-easy life at diplomatic conferences in Geneva before the war, was enacted at the villa of Chou En-lai.

MR. DULLES TAKES A TRIP ON THE LAKES : The American Secretary of State on Lake Leman. He was on his way from Geneva to Lausanne, where he had a luncheon appointment. Mr. Dulles left Geneva after the first week of the Conference and returned to Washington to report to the President and to members of the Senate.

MAY DAY IN MOSCOW

Russia Celebrated it in Traditional Fashion with an Enormous Parade Through Red Square before the Soviet Leaders

At the traditional May Day parade through Red Square in Moscow, the Soviet Government sprang a surprise. The surprise was Russia's new giant four-jet bomber; it led the fly-past over Red Square. To Western observers it seemed to be in the B 52 Stratofortress class and apparently capable of delivering bombs—atomic or otherwise—over great distances. Beside it were some twin-jet bombers, also new, which it dwarfed completely. The British and United States Ambassadors were among those who watched the parade, which took place in warm, sunny weather.

Some 15,000 troops took part in the four-hour march-past and included, besides infantry, troops in armoured carriers, motorised artillery of several kinds, and rocket-throwers. After them came workers from all parts of Russia; as they passed, the parade became less formal and a carnival spirit took over. Someone loosed a whole lot of red balloons; someone else released a white dove, which fluttered near Malenkov and settled on top of the tomb of Lenin.

Defence Minister Marshal Bulganin, who was in charge of the parade, took the salute and made the speech. It was short and remarkably mild in tone. He said that Russia's policy was "not to permit a new war and to maintain normal relations with all countries."

SOVIET WORKERS MARCH THROUGH MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE IN THE TRADITIONAL MAY DAY PARADE: After the pomp and precision of the military detachments and gymnasts, the parade becomes less formal and all kinds of workers march past, some even with their children on their shoulders.

THE MOSCOW GARRISON PASSES BY: Troops of the Moscow garrison, in a formation of armoured troop-carriers, drive past a huge portrait of Lenin and Stalin in Red Square.

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE CONTINGENT: The banners they carry bear the slogan "Glory to the Soviet People." On the balcony of the red marble tomb—which now houses the body of Stalin as well as Lenin—stands, with other Ministers, Defence Minister Marshal Bulganin, who took the salute.

FORTRESS AND PLEASURE GROUND—THE FORBIDDING ASPECT OF HELIGOLAND FROM THE NORTH-EAST: Red sandstone cliffs, over 200 ft. high, rise sheer out of the North Sea on all sides of the island except the south-east. On the right is the craggy Pillar Rock at the northern end. After the vicissitudes of peace and war, during which Heligoland was a delight for holiday trippers and then a much-bombed fortress and submarine base, the island is being rebuilt to enable the lobster fishermen to return.

TEMPORARY HOMES FOR WORKMEN NEAR THE SITE OF THE OLD LOWER TOWN: During the last war, raids by R.A.F. bombers completely destroyed the Upper and Lower Towns of Heligoland. After the war a tremendous detonation destroyed remaining military and naval installations. Then Heligoland was used as a target for bombing practice by the R.A.F. and the American Air Force. Now the island is back in German hands, and some 500 workmen are engaged on the long and arduous task of rebuilding.

THE REVIVAL OF HELIGOLAND

The Historic German Island in the North Sea is now the Scene of a Great Rebuilding Programme

At a cost of £7,000,000 some 500 workmen are at present engaged in rebuilding on Heligoland. It is planned to erect a hospital, a sanatorium and homes and facilities for 3,000 inhabitants. The work is being undertaken with great zest, but the task is unlikely to be completed before 1970. It may seem surprising that so much energy and expenditure in men, materials and money should be devoted to a rather bleak island in the North Sea no more than one-fifth of a square mile in size. But the effort that the German Government is lavishing on Heligoland bears witness to the importance that Germany has always attached to it.

Heligoland has not always been so small. Over a thousand years ago the circumference of the island was 120 miles: 500 years later soil erosion had reduced it to 45 miles, and to-day it is no more than 3 miles. Great Britain took Heligoland from Holstein in 1807, but in 1890 it was returned to Germany in exchange for the recognition of rights in Zanzibar. To Germany, Heligoland was of the greatest strategic importance, for, with Sylt and Borkum, the island provided an almost impregnable line of defence for the ports of Emden, Wilhelmshaven, Cuxhaven and Hamburg, and for the Kiel Canal.

Accordingly, Heligoland was fortified for the First World War: a naval harbour was built, Zeppelin sheds were erected and batteries of heavy coastal artillery were installed. The island was the scene of a naval bombardment by the British Fleet shortly after the outbreak of that war. In 1919 Heligoland was demilitarised, and for a while the pleasant stretch of sand on the south side of the island was a great attraction to German holidaymakers. On the cliff-tops installations for observing migrating birds were erected. But this peaceful period for Heligoland soon came to an end.

First secretly, and then openly, Hitler re-fortified the island, and as in the First War, it became a target for Allied bombardment. Only this time U-boats had taken the place of Zeppelins. In 1945 a 1,000-bomber raid flattened the two towns of Heligoland, but when peace came it was found that the bulk of the heavily protected military and naval installations were still intact. A mammoth explosion, which was recorded on 100 seismographs in all parts of Europe, took place in 1947, and this finally wrecked the fortress. Then the island was used as a target by British and American aircraft, so that when Heligoland was returned to the West German Government in 1952 there was little left but sandstone rock and the golden beach.

This is an island which to-day engenders much nationalist feeling. Except for its potential as a tourist resort, Heligoland has little to offer except lobster-fishing. Little, that is, except a slice of history which nature and war have tried to eradicate, and which is now being revived.

THE HOMES OF THE FUTURE ARE BUILT INTO THE ROCK: Special brick walls are built in front of the houses in which future inhabitants of Heligoland are to live. At present it is planned to accommodate about 3,000 people. It is also intended to build a hospital for the island, and a sanatorium.

THE SITE FOR THE HOSPITAL: This area near the harbour was flattened by the great detonation in 1947. This explosion, the greatest at the time since the detonation of the atomic bomb at Bikini, was caused by 6,700 tons of explosives arranged by the Royal Navy, and destroyed the remaining fortifications.

BEFORE THE WAR—AND AFTER: *On left*—Heligoland Harbour during the period between the two wars, when it was a popular resort for holiday trippers. During Hitler's preparations for war the island was once again fortified. *On right*—The Lower Town, which was completely destroyed after bombing and detonation during and after the last war.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN CENTRAL GREECE

In Twenty Seconds, an Earth Tremor Wreaked Havoc Over 1,500 Square Miles of Thessaly

THE DESTRUCTION IN PHARSALA : A father and son sit among the few belongings they managed to save from their ruined home. In Pharsala, where Cæsar routed Pompey, four-fifths of the houses collapsed, twelve people were killed and seventy injured.

As the people of Thessaly, in Central Greece, were preparing to celebrate May Day, an earthquake heralded a day of mourning instead. In 20 seconds over 2,000 houses were destroyed and nearly 3,000 badly damaged; 31 people were killed and at least 160 injured; between 30,000 and 35,000 were made homeless.

The earthquake seemed to be centred in the neighbourhood of Sophades and Pharsala; both these towns were practically destroyed. In Sophades all the houses were destroyed and mud and water gushed out of them. In Pharsala the damage was just as great.

The toll of life was not as great as that during the Ionian Islands earthquake last August. The villages on the fertile, wheat-growing plain of Thessaly are widely scattered, so that the stricken area was not as compact as that in the Ionian Islands. Moreover, a slight shock before the main one, which set the dogs barking and the storks taking to the air (a known danger signal), gave the inhabitants some warning of what was to come.

King Paul of Greece and Crown Prince Constantine made a tour of the area after the earthquake, and many foreign Governments immediately came forward with offers of help.

PEASANTS CAMP IN THE OPEN FIELDS NEAR PHARSALA : The earthquake in Thessaly, Central Greece, was the worst since the one which devastated the Ionian Islands last August. Thirty-one people were killed, at least 160 injured, and between 30,000 and 35,000 were made homeless.

A WRECKED BUILDING IN PHARSALA : The town, almost completely destroyed, was in the centre of the earthquake. Casualties were low because a minor warning tremor preceded the main one.

CLEARING WRECKAGE AT SOPHADES : In this town all the houses were destroyed. Two nine-year-old boys were ringing the church bells for a funeral when the earthquake shook the belfry down on top of them, killing them both. King Paul later toured the stricken areas.

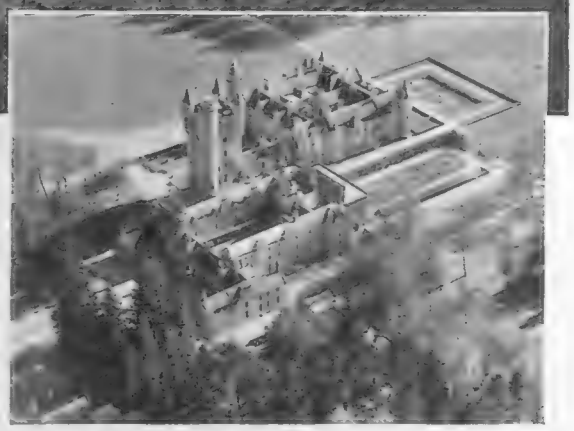
THE MAIN STREET OF DOMOKOS : From the ruins of their homes people salvage what they can. The 'quake came as people were preparing for May Day; over 2,000 houses were destroyed.

THE CASTLE OF MEY, WHICH IS BEING PREPARED AS THE HOME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: The sixteenth-century Castle of Barrogill, which overlooks the Pentland Firth at the northern end of Caithness. Two years ago the Queen Mother purchased it as a summer residence, and it is now being prepared for her.

THE QUEEN MOTHER'S SCOTTISH HOME

Aerial Pictures of Barrogill Castle at Mey, Caithness, now nearing Completion as a Summer Residence

Barrogill Castle was for centuries the ancestral seat of the Earls of Caithness, but it passed out of the hands of the family about sixty years ago on the death of the fifteenth Earl, the last of his line. The castle is far from big towns, or even hilly country, and the only great "sight" near by is John o' Groats, six miles away. But the rock scenery and magnificent view of the Firth and the Orkneys compensate for any lack of amenities. There are thirty rooms in Barrogill, including a fine drawing-room on the first floor and bedrooms built for four-posters and peat fires. In the high-vaulted kitchens the ancient roasting-spit was still in place a short time ago. Outside there are the gardens, with their ancient walls, and an old deer park. Despite its size, and its exposed position, Barrogill Castle is, in fact, most comfortable. When electric light and a telephone have been installed, and the castle has in other ways been modernised, it will be a worthy addition to the Royal homes of Scotland, the most famous being the Palace of Holyrood and Balmoral Castle.



ANOTHER ROYAL CASTLE IN SCOTLAND: An aerial view of Balmoral Castle, overlooking the River Dee, which first became a Royal residence when it was purchased by the Prince Consort in 1848.

CAMMELL LAIRD
& Co. Ltd.

BRITAIN'S LATEST CARRIER

AN AERIAL VIEW OF H.M.S "ARK ROYAL" LEAVING BIRKENHEAD ON HER SHORT BUT EVENTFUL VOYAGE ACROSS THE MERSEY

The *Ark Royal's* short voyage across the River Mersey recently was not entirely uneventful, and the aircraft-carrier was involved in three incidents from which superficial damage was sustained. As she was leaving the fitting-out basin at Cammell Laird's, through the narrow opening seen in this picture, the ship, which proceeded under her own steam but with the aid of tugs, scraped the quay on her starboard side, crushing a forward ventilator cowling, shearing a number of bilge outlet flanges and scraping off some paint. Again, as she was entering the Gladstone graving-dock at Liverpool, the ship swung against the quay once more, splintering a protective timber fender and scraping off more paint amidships; and then again, a few minutes later, the starboard side again scraped the quay, and the *Ark Royal* lost more paint and snapped a 1-in. hawser. This damage, however, was only of a slight nature, and will not affect the date on which the vessel will enter service with the Royal Navy.

This carrier has taken eleven years to build. A sister-ship of the *Eagle*, which is already in service, the *Ark Royal*, of 36,800 tons, is Britain's largest carrier, and it is expected that, once the veil of security has been lifted, many modern devices will be revealed. The keel of the vessel was laid down on May 3, 1943, and she was launched by the Queen Mother exactly seven years later. Since that time she has been in the fitting-out basin at Cammell Laird's. Altogether, some £25,000,000 has been spent on her since the keel was laid down, and up to 2,000 shipyard workers have been employed on her at one time. In the Gladstone Dock, the *Ark Royal* will have her original propellers removed and replaced by those of a modern design, and in June she will leave for her sea trials, and it is expected that she will go into commission early next year.

The *Ark Royal* is the second aircraft-carrier to bear the name. Her famous forerunner was completed in 1938, just before the war, and was sunk by a German U-boat in 1941, after a comparatively short but glorious career, in which she had sailed 205,000 miles and been engaged in thirty-two war operations. Since the early days of the war she had been the special target both of German and Italian ships and aircraft.

On left—

H.M.S. "ARK ROYAL" SEEN LEAVING THE FITTING-OUT BASIN AT CAMMELL LAIRD'S YARD, BIRKENHEAD : Britain's latest aircraft-carrier is seen passing through the narrow gap separating the fitting-out basin from the River Mersey. She was proceeding to Liverpool, where new propellers are to be fitted before her trials in June. In this picture, the *Ark Royal* is seen under her own steam going astern out of the fitting-out basin while the two tugs on the right vainly try to swing her stern around to prevent the carrier hitting the far-side quay.

SKIERS AND REINDEER IN SCOTLAND

A Glasgow Club Takes Advantage of the Sporting Facilities in the Mountains, and a Unique Experiment in Raising Reindeer is Making Further Progress

THE DOWNHILL RUN, WITH A VIEW OF THE GRAMPIANS : A competitor in one of the contests organised by the Scottish Ski and Outdoor Club on Meall a Bhuiridh, in Glencoe, in which more than fifty members, including women, took part. The ski-run begins at over 3,000 ft., near the summit of the mountain. This view is over the Moor of Rannoch to the Grampians.

CAMPING DURING THEIR SKI-ING HOLIDAY : Accommodation for the night is erected below the slopes of Meall a Bhuiridh, in the Glencoe. These hardy holiday-makers are members of the Scottish Ski and Outdoor Club. The members of the Club come from Glasgow, and consist of carpenters and cobblers, office-boys and shorthand typists, whose aim is to go mountaineering and ski-ing in their own country. Using old Army skis and other second-hand equipment, they have discovered that they can spend a very enjoyable—and inexpensive—week-end ski-ing in Glencoe, where the snow usually lasts until the end of May. But the Club's activities are not confined to week-end outings. At their club-room in Glasgow members can receive dry ski-ing lessons and attend lectures and films on ski-ing and mountaineering.

THE GLEN MORE HEADQUARTERS OF THE REINDEER EXPERIMENT IN SCOTLAND : Mr. Mikel Utsi, the promoter and technical adviser of the reindeer experiment in Scotland, is seen with a Lapp caretaker outside the cottage not far from the grazing land.

THE LATEST ARRIVALS FROM SWEDEN : Mr. Mikel Utsi lands a protesting ox-reindeer in Glasgow after a good five-day crossing from Narvik. The Swedish reindeer will join the others at the new reserve in the Cairngorms.

THE FIRST PICTURE TO BE RELEASED OF THE REINDEER GRAZING : This small herd is grazing above the Glen More Forest, about 2,000 ft. above sea-level. The reindeer have recently been moved there. Flies and parasites, a plague in the old reserve further down the glen, do not affect the animals on this land.

In two weeks eight reindeer from Sweden will join the six surviving animals which are grazing in the Cairngorms. They are the third consignment of reindeer to arrive in Scotland since 1952, when the Reindeer Council of the United Kingdom decided to begin an experiment with these animals. Under the supervision of Mr. Mikel Utsi, it was hoped that a herd of reindeer might be introduced into Scotland, and that eventually it would be possible for farmers to add them to their stock, as in Scandinavia. The first eighteen reindeer were put to grazing on the low ground of Glen More, but it was found that the boggy ground there, with its flies and parasites, affected the animals. Only six of eighteen reindeer survived, and these have now been taken to land 2,000 ft. above sea-level. The new land consists of 4,000 acres which form a rough triangle on the north slopes of Cairn Gorm and a part of Cairn Lochain and Creag an Leth-choin.

THE CARPENTER OF AN ESSEX VILLAGE AT WORK OUTSIDE HIS SHOP: The progressive village carpenter can turn his hand from cattle-trucks and trailer bodies to pig houses, gates, barrows and other agricultural goods. Despite keen competition from the factories, his goods are often preferred by farmers. The Rural Industries Bureau helped many carpenters to re-equip their shops on modern lines.

REVIVING THE RURAL INDUSTRIES

An Account of the Work of the Rural Industries Bureau, which since 1921 has been Helping Country Craftsmen to adapt themselves to Modern Needs and Techniques

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

UNTIL the end of the eighteenth century there were almost as many craftsmen in the countryside as farmers and farm labourers. Broadly speaking, country craftsmen were of two kinds: those that served farming, such as the blacksmith, saddler, wheelwright, thatcher or hurdle-maker, and those that fashioned articles for general use out of local materials, such as the basket-maker, potter, turner or weaver. These craftsmen were either specialists or part-time farmers, or, as in certain cottage trades, such as lace-making and straw-plaiting, the wives and daughters of villagers. With the introduction of steam power, all this began to alter. Large factories were built, and people trooped out of the countryside into the new industrial towns. Village industries were hopelessly undercut by cheap mass-produced goods, and even changes in farm practice dispensed with the need for several kinds of craftsmen. The decline of country industries continued all through the nineteenth century, and by the early 1900's they had virtually ceased to influence the market. A great handicap was the inability, often the unwillingness, of the craftsman to meet the demand for a cheaper article of less good workmanship, although here and there some enterprising pioneers were found. George Sturt, in his classic biography of a family business, *The Wheelwright's Shop* (Cambridge University Press), relates how he managed to install some machinery: "a gas-engine, with saws, lathe, drill, and grind-stone. And this device, if it saved the situation, was (as was long afterwards plain) the beginning of the end of the old style of business, though it did just bridge over the transition to the motor trade of the present time."

Sturt did just what the Rural Industries Bureau has been trying to do ever since it was founded in 1921, namely, to help country crafts and industries adapt themselves to modern needs and conditions. The Bureau is a national organisation in the sense that it is backed by the Development Commissioners (behind whom stand the Treasury), and its policy is controlled by a body of trustees appointed by the Minister of Agriculture. These trustees are, in turn, assisted by a Council composed of representatives of certain Government departments, of trade and voluntary social organisations, and private people. The Bureau itself has a small administrative and technical staff under its director, Mr. Cosmo Clark, A.R.A., with headquarters at Camp Road, Wimbledon. It employs a number of instructors and consultants, who train craftsmen all over the country in new techniques, and advise them on business problems. It also works closely with the Rural Industries Loan Fund, Limited, which provides interest-free loans for the purchase of new equipment. Contact with craftsmen is maintained either by individual organisers or through Rural Community Councils wherever they happen to exist. In broad terms the Bureau covers four semi-mechanised industries, and a larger number of handicrafts proper.

Blacksmithing and Agricultural Engineering is, perhaps, the rural industry with the best prospects of all. Owing to power farming, the blacksmith of yesterday has become the agricultural engineer of to-day. In the past he made horseshoes and shod horses, fashioned gate-irons and ornamental ironwork, and patched up horse-drawn implements. Nowadays he uses a lathe and a welding set, and if main electricity is not too expensive, he has a whole range of smaller-power tools. Thanks to the Bureau's training he can now handle repairs on practically any modern farm implement, from a self-propelled combine harvester to a pick-up baler and all kinds of hydraulic equipment. In its own experimental workshop the Bureau is constantly trying to solve problems peculiar to the rural engineer, and in the last few years it has produced several machines for special purposes, e.g., a press for manufacturing clips used for attaching television aerials to chimney-stacks, and a fan for extracting fumes and smoke from the workshop.

Although the farm-horse is disappearing, there is still plenty of farriery work in the hunting, racing and hacking districts. Some men still fit up to a hundred shoes a week, and the Bureau is regularly training would-be farriers for the appropriate examinations of their trade. A large number of apprentices have also been placed in the industry as a whole. Another branch of the blacksmith's work which retains its purely handicraft quality, is the making of wrought-iron. In some parts of the country the demand for work of this kind has notably revived, and orders are on the increase for such things as fire-dogs and other hearth furniture, ornamental gates and brackets, staircase rails and lamps, and even inn signs. Here, again,

(*Continued on following pages*)

MENDING A BULLDOZER: With the great increase of farm mechanisation, many farmers are buying second-hand machinery. Here an instructor from the Rural Industries Bureau is demonstrating how to repair the main transmission housing of a bulldozer by welding.

MENDING A GATE: One of the tasks which is often neglected for more urgent jobs is the repair and maintenance of gates. Here, on an Essex farm, workers are re-nailing the framework and fitting fresh hinges to the post before re-hanging it.

FENCING FOR THE FOREST OF DEAN: Wooden fencing is one of the main products of the Dean Forest Rural Industry workshops at Longhope. Here a consignment is being delivered locally.

On left—

SADDLEMAKER OF PENZANCE: Mr. Isaac Nicholls, who is seventy-seven years old and who has been making saddles since he was fourteen, is an expert. He comes from an old saddle-making family and has a son to follow in his steps.

On right—

LAST OF HIS LINE: Sixty-four-year-old George Huffey is the last of a long line of wheelwrights and farriers, and now plies his trade single-handed at Ingatestone, Essex. He is seen working a wheel with an adze.

THE RURAL INDUSTRIES

(*Continued from previous page*)

the Bureau has been able to give most valuable assistance not only in technical instruction, but also in providing designs and in arranging exhibitions and competitions at agricultural shows. High standards are also encouraged by the Worshipful Company of Blacksmiths, who grant awards to craftsmen whose work has been outstanding.

In the woodworking trade, too, there have been encouraging developments, for the woodworker of to-day can turn his hand to several jobs. He may or may not be able to make a cart-wheel, although he can probably repair one. He is a carpenter, and in a progressive shop he and a partner can range from cattle-truck and trailer bodies to pig and poultry houses, brooders, ladders, gates, barrows, and other agricultural goods for which wood is still the best medium. Furthermore, despite keen competition from the factory, farmers often prefer the locally-made article when they know the maker and his methods. Another possibility is joinery work for the builder, and in my own village in Somerset I have seen a very nice set of skittles made by this craftsman. One of the best patrons of the skilled woodworker is the Church, formerly the master patron of all the arts and crafts. Here is still much scope for individual commissions, such as doors, chairs, notice- and hymn-boards, candlesticks, kneelers, and much else. Even in the ordinary furniture trade, the single craftsman can make his way, particularly if he specialises in "presentation pieces." Apart from helping equip his workshop, the Bureau will produce designs and teach him veneering and the use of special woods and resins. As in engineering, a practical layout in the shop and the use of up-to-date equipment have so reduced the cost and time element of production that the craftsman is continually looking for new lines. In coastal villages, boat-building and repair is another important activity.

In the clay industry, small country brickyards have always had a good name for facing bricks, owing to the fine shades of texture and colour made possible by the hand process. Before the war, this special type of brick was mostly used in the construction of schools and public buildings, and it was feared that there would be small demand for it in the post-war housing programme. However, the market has slowly been re-established, and the chief problem now is to keep prices level, since so many of the primary costs have gone up. At its clay-testing station, the Bureau has been experimenting with improved methods of preparing, moulding and handling the clay, and with re-designing kilns to save fuel and produce better ware. Had it not been for this work, many of the yards would have been unable to develop economically.

Land drains are also in strong demand. As farming prospers and more land is brought into heart, so there is a growing need for porous clay drain-pipes of 3-in., 4-in. and 6-in. diameter. In my own parish in West Somerset, for example, I and my neighbours have bought literally thousands of such pipes in the last few years, and there are many more like us. But the work has hardly begun; there must still be several hundred thousand acres of wet land, waiting to be drained, in the West Country alone. The pottery off-shoot of the clay industry is a varied and interesting trade, ranging from the humble gardener's flower-pot to fine work by such artist-craftsmen as Bernard and David Leach of St. Ives, and Ray Finch, successor to Michael Cardew, at Winchcombe. There are now nearly a hundred such potteries about the country, and although they sell at higher prices than Staffordshire, there is a public that wants the hand-made and is prepared to pay for it.

In the textile industry, now mainly consisting of the big combines, Wales is the last stronghold of the small woollen mill, once sited in considerable numbers beside the fast-flowing mountain streams, whence they drew their power. Nowadays main electricity has mostly replaced water power, and there are only a handful of mills compared with the past. None the less, there is a fair trade for blankets, honeycomb and tapestry quilts, tweeds, furnishing fabrics and knitting wools. Marketing is the chief bugbear of the small mill. Owing to its size it cannot compete with the big firms in the cheap cloth trade, nor can it carry a wide range of stock. It certainly cannot afford a sales staff to find new markets, and so hitherto most of the output has had to be absorbed locally. To enable the small manufacturer expand the scope of his business, the Bureau has given much practical help in the field of design and in purely technical problems of production, with a view to improving the quality and saleability of the goods. One of the most promising new lines is the weaving of comparatively short lengths of cloth for fashion houses who only require small quantities, individually designed.

Finally, some notes about a few of the handicrafts not mentioned so far: The saddler—like the farrier—survives in strength only in the sporting districts, and, unfortunately, there are not many recruits to the trade. The thatcher, however, still seems to be holding his own. There are at least 750 roof-thatchers and an unknown number of men who can thatch ricks. Roofs have a life of up to sixty years if Norfolk reed or combed wheat reed is used, but very much less if ordinary long wheat straw is used, and then only if it has not been unduly bruised in threshing. Since farmers are now sowing short-strawed wheats, suitable for the combine-harvester, there is a serious shortage of the long-strawed varieties. Norfolk reed is also scarce, but the Bureau is at present

LADDER-BUILDING AT LONGHOPE, FOREST OF DEAN : One of the specialities of the Dean Forest Rural Industry workshops are wide-based fruit-picking ladders.

LONE EXPONENT OF AN ANCIENT CRAFT : James Postlethwaite is believed to be the last hoop-maker in Lancashire and is seen splitting his wood on his home-made and primitive-looking equipment. He makes them for an industrial firm in Furness —an example of an ancient craft aiding modern production.

COMBED WHEAT REED THATCHING : Thatching is one of the few rural trades that is holding its own. There are at least 750 roof-thatchers throughout the country and many more men who can thatch ricks.

CUTTING THE CLAY FOR HAND-MADE BRICKS : Small country brick-yards are able to produce high-quality facing bricks ; the hand process makes possible fine shades of colour and texture. *On left*—A Bureau instructor demonstrates pottery-making.

experimenting with a trial plantation in Christchurch harbour with a view to increasing supplies. The basket-maker, despite strong competition, is also doing well. Baskets, hampers and skips are variously used by hospitals, laundries, the Post Office, the railways, farmers and the ordinary householder. The advantage of the hand-made osier basket is its lightness and strength, qualities which cannot be reproduced in any substitute or machine-made article. There are also groups of craftsmen, working mainly in the south, who make their living by converting underwood and forest thinnings into fencing, tool and brush handles, tent pegs, hurdles, ladders, gates, etc. It is a small trade, at present suffering from the failure to cultivate coppice stands in the past, a matter which the Bureau and the Forestry Commission are jointly investigating.

So much for the principal country crafts and industries nurtured by the Rural Industries Bureau. What, to sum up, does the Bureau exactly do for the craftsman ? It provides technical instruction, it advises on the installation of new equipment, it carries out research into methods and materials, it offers costing and marketing services and general business advice, it organises publicity—and all at a fractional cost to the taxpayer. In other words, it is helping to save the priceless heritage of skill and beauty left us by our peasant forefathers, and which we are still in great danger of losing. It is also helping to revitalise the economy of the countryside, although, alone, rural crafts and industries can never employ all the country people, who have to seek work in the towns.

(*More pictures on following page*)

BOAT-BUILDING IN A SMALL YARD AT FAREHAM, HANTS : Many boat-builders have turned to the Rural Industries Bureau for technical advice on improving their premises and equipment and extending the range of craft built in their yards. The Bureau also gives information on synthetic resin glues and their use, which is great, in boat-building.

THE RURAL INDUSTRIES

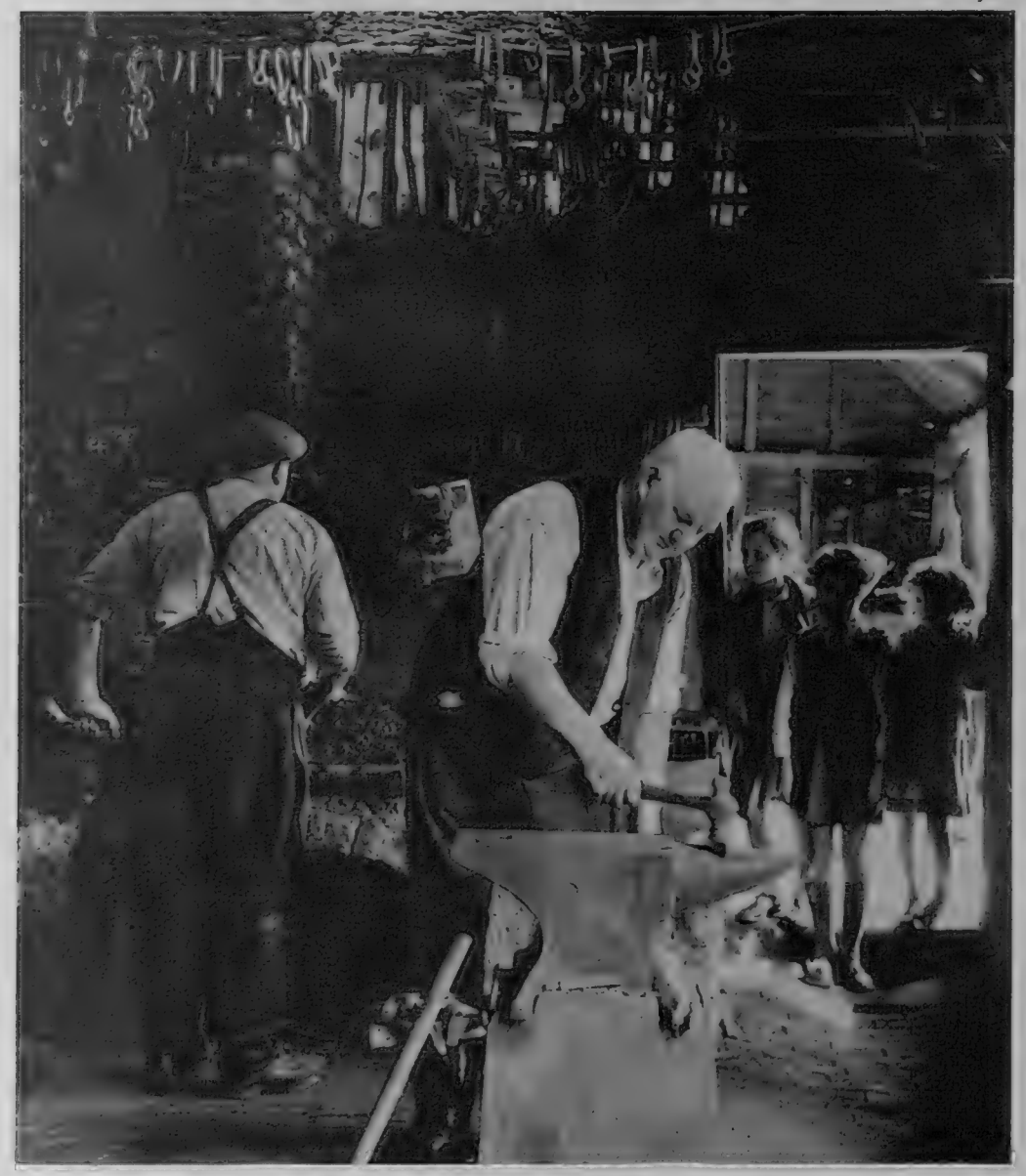
(*Continued from previous page*)

DRYING RUSHES FOR BASKET-MAKING NEAR WITNEY, OXON : These green rushes, gathered from the River Windrush, are hanging out to dry before being woven. The rushes are cut and stored early in the year.

On left—

BASKET-MAKING ON THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN : Mr. L. Roberts, who has been making baskets near Apperley for forty years, is seen at work with an assistant.

AN ESSEX CRAFTSMAN REVIVES THE SAW-PIT : The shortage of sawn timber has forced Mr. Sidney Franklin, the wheelwright of Terling, Essex, to use his old-time saw-pit to prepare wood for his business. Here he is sawing straight through an oak tree—a job which requires perfect balance, keen eyesight and considerable strength.



AN OLD-FASHIONED VILLAGE SMITHY : The blacksmith at work in Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Essex, still draws the children as a fascinated audience. The Rural Industries Bureau is now helping to train smiths as agricultural engineers, able to repair practically any modern farm implement.

THE SAWMILLS AT LONGHOPE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE : When this picture was taken, these two old men had been working in the sawmills all their lives. They are making farm hay-rakes, only one of the many implements for which the village of Longhope is famous.

TRUG-MAKING AT HURSTMONCEUX, SUSSEX : In these workshops trugs, a kind of vegetable and flower basket, have been made for over a century. Here a man works on one of the larger types.

THE MAGIC MILE

Roger Bannister Realises the Dream of the Four-minute Race in his Great Performance at Oxford, when he Clocked 3 mins. 59·4 secs.

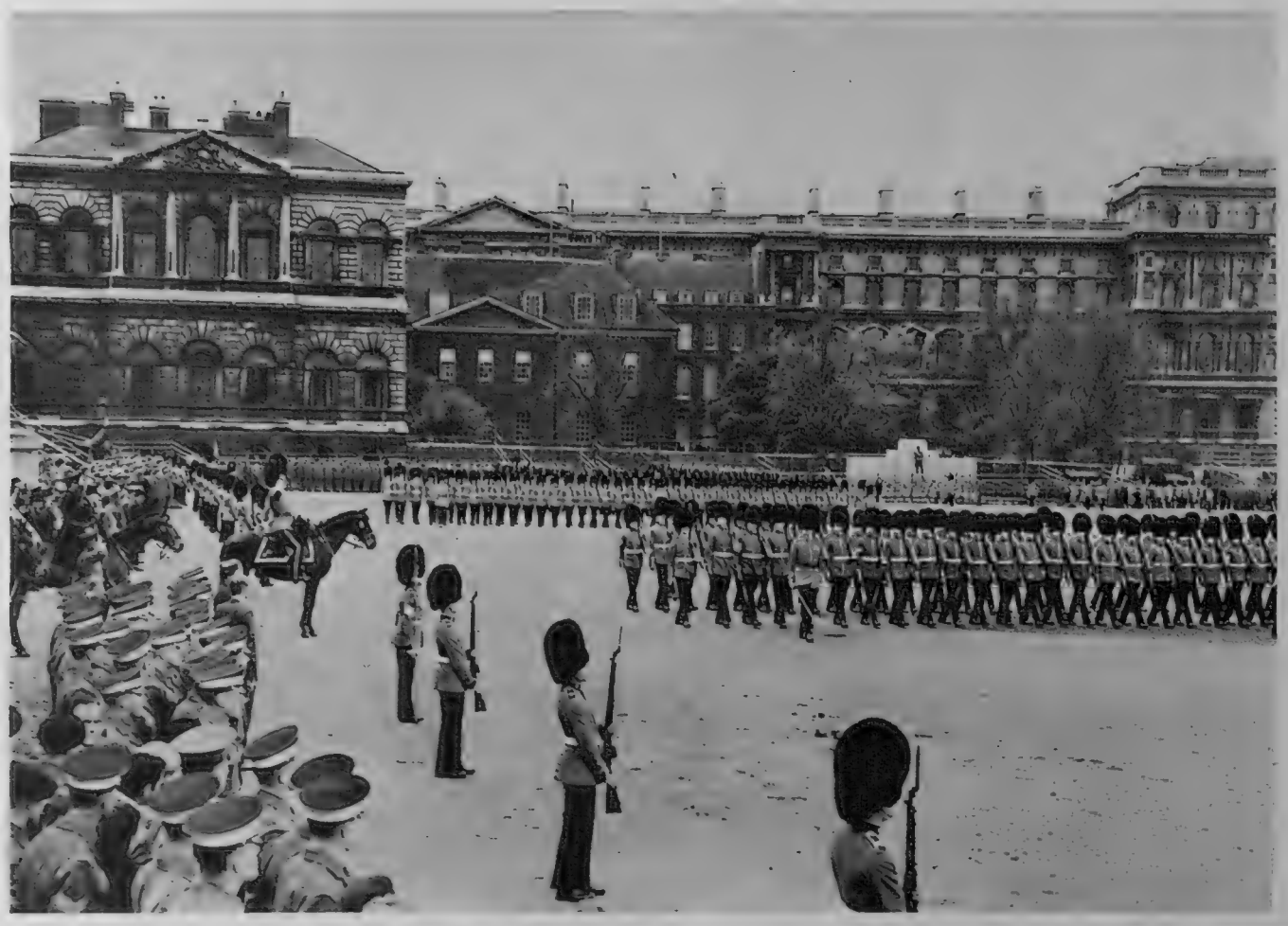
THE LAST STRIDE IN THE TRIUMPHANT FOUR-MINUTE MILE: Roger Bannister breasting the tape at Iffley Road, Oxford, to set up the record time of 3 mins. 59.4 secs. for the mile.

ON a cold, damp evening, in a blustering wind and watched by no more than a couple of thousand spectators, the ambition of athletes throughout the world was achieved: the mile was run in four minutes. Roger Gilbert Bannister, a twenty-five-year-old medical student, formerly of Exeter College, Oxford, and now at St. Mary's Hospital, earned the distinction of being the first man to accomplish this feat, by covering the four laps of the Iffley Road track in Oxford in a time of 3 mins. 59.4 secs., which, if confirmed, also beats the record set up by Gundar Haegg of Sweden in 1945, by two seconds. The race had been carefully planned by Bannister and his friends throughout the winter, but the conditions on May 6 were not very encouraging. However, with the nagging feeling that the Australian Landy and the American Santee would make their attempts on the four-minute mile within a few days, Bannister decided to make the match between the Oxford University Athletic Club and the Amateur Athletic Association the occasion of his great attempt. It was a fitting occasion, for it was at Oxford that Bannister developed his ability and recorded some of his greatest achievements. He was assisted by C. J. Chataway and C. W. Brasher, who acted as pacemakers. After ¾ mile everything depended on a really fast final lap. With his electrifying spurt Bannister overtook Chataway in the back straight and poured out every ounce of his energy, to finish the last quarter-mile in the magnificent time of 58.9 secs. The world record—and the four minutes—were broken. The Magic Mile had been conquered.

DURING THE HISTORIC RACE: In the lead at this stage is C. W. Brasher, and he is followed by Bannister, G. F. Dole (No. 15), and C. J. Chataway. Brasher and Chataway, both Olympic runners, acted as pace-makers for Bannister in his successful attempt to run the four-minute mile. It was one of the events in a match between Oxford University and the Amateur Athletic Association.

BUT THE AGONY OF IT ALL! That bitter-sweet moment immediately at the end of the race when the head is swimming, the legs give way and there is that aching feeling in the body that everything is going to burst. But crowning success has been achieved.

AT THE END OF ROGER BANNISTER'S GREATEST PERFORMANCE: Completely exhausted after his great effort, Bannister is supported by an athletics coach, Mr. Franz Stampfl (left), and Mr. Leslie Truelove, team manager of the Amateur Athletic Association. Bannister quickly recovered on learning that he had achieved the four-minute mile. Subject to confirmation, he had also established a new world record. The running of the race was carefully planned, and one of Bannister's first actions on recovering was to thank his pace-makers, Chataway and Brasher, for their invaluable contribution.



THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS FROM LONDON, NORTHUMBERLAND AND WILTSHIRE

On left—

MOUNTING THE GUARD AT HORSE GUARDS PARADE: Lieut.-Colonel C. P. M. Worrall is seen taking the salute as the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards march past. The custom of mounting the guard on Horse Guards Parade instead of in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace now takes place each year in May and it is a revival of the eighteenth-century custom of mounting the guard in that place. It is commonly thought that this parade is a rehearsal for the Queen's Birthday Parade, but this is not so.

THE SUPERMARINE 525 MAKING ITS FIRST TAKE-OFF: The twin-engined aircraft is seen leaving the runway at the Ministry of Supply's aircraft establishment at Boscombe Down, in Wiltshire, piloted by Lieut.-Commander M. J. Lithgow, the Company's chief test pilot. The maiden flight lasted about twenty minutes and was described by the pilot as "completely successful." Powered by two Rolls-Royce Avon jet engines, the 525 is a swept-wing version of the Supermarine 508, and from these two aircraft, a naval fighter plane is being developed, for which the Admiralty placed an order in April 1953. In 1952, the Supermarine 508 carried out a series of deck-landing trials.

A NEW TWO-STROKE DIESEL ENGINE IS DEVELOPED BY THE ROOTES GROUP: Some interested spectators looking at the new engine installed on a chassis. This engine has been designed to cut down operating costs and the cost of maintenance, and can be fitted to the Company's commercial vehicles. A vehicle fitted with this Diesel has already been tested and found successful over a distance of some 250,000 miles, ranging from altitude tests in the Alps to difficult cross-country routes in Africa.

THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR—A VIEW OF THE BOATS AND SMALL-CRAFT SECTION OF THE SHOW AT OLYMPIA: This section of the show, which appeared for the first time last year, attracted much attention because of the fully-rigged sailing-boats. The London section of the Fair was divided between Earl's Court and Olympia, and at each of these two places there was a set-piece which paid tribute to a notable feat of exploration. At Earl's Court, there was a section on Everest showing an advanced camp, and at Olympia, the British North Greenland Expedition had a section.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE AUSTRALIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER IS MARRIED IN LONDON: Miss S. D. White is seen with Mr. J. B. Wadman after their wedding at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a white organza gown with a gathered, tight-fitting bodice. The best man was Mr. Richard Osborn, who is a cousin of the bridegroom.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF POOLE, DORSET : A civic delegation from Poole called on the Prime Minister at 10, Downing Street and conferred on him the freedom of their borough. Left to right in this picture are : Alderman G. Bravery ; Mr. M. McGougan, the Recorder of Poole ; Alderman Miss M. M. Llewellin, the Mayor, who is making the presentation to Sir Winston ; Lord Digby, the Lord Lieutenant of Dorset ; Mr. Wilson Kenyon, the Town Clerk ; and Sir Mervyn Wheatley. The first Sir Winston Churchill, father of the great Duke of Marlborough, was also a freeman of Poole.

THE OPENING OF THE THIRD JUBILEE MEETING OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY AT CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER : The Jubilee meeting, which is the 150th annual meeting of the Society, was opened by Bishop Eivind Berggrav, lately Primate of Norway, and a famous figure during the war. He and his two sons were all arrested by the Germans in 1942.

BRITISH RAILWAYS' NEW DIESEL TRAIN : This new Diesel train, built at British Railways' Derby works, was demonstrated recently at Marylebone Station ; it made a trial run from there to Beaconsfield. The trains are made up of two-car units which together seat 130 passengers. The cars are powered by two 125-h.p. Leyland Diesels of the type used in buses and are capable of a comfortable maximum speed of 62 m.p.h. A light-alloy metal has been used extensively in their construction and the first of these trains will go into service in six areas : the West Riding, West Cumberland, Lincolnshire, East Anglia, Newcastle-Middlesbrough, and Edinburgh-Glasgow.

THE WAY AHEAD : These front seats in British Railways' new Diesel trains should have a great appeal for small boys. From them passengers can get a driver's view of the track as well as watch him handle the controls.

A FAMILY AT WORK : John Casson (on left) takes his mother, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and father, Sir Lewis Casson, through their parts in a scene from Clemence Dane's *The Lion and the Unicorn*. John Casson is directing it for an all-star matinee at Her Majesty's on May 31 which is being presented by the Variety Club of Great Britain.

LAUNCHING A TANKER SIDEWAYS AT NEWCASTLE : The 650-ton tanker *Betiri* is seen sliding sideways into the Tyne after her launching at Willington Quay. She is believed to be one of the largest ships launched in this fashion in this country and has been built for a subsidiary of the Shell group of companies. The broadside method of launching is not uncommon and is used when there is not sufficient breadth of water for a normal launching.

THE NEW SHOWS

"Romeo and Juliet," at Stratford; "The Dark is Light Enough," at the Aldwych; "The Manor of Northstead," at the Duchess; and "Intimacy at 8.30," at the Criterion

THE GUESTS ARE SERVED: Marie Lohr, A. E. Matthews and Charles Heslop in a scene from William Douglas Home's new comedy, *The Manor of Northstead*, at the Duchess Theatre. This play is a successor to Mr. Douglas Home's *The Chiltern Hundreds*, and has exactly the same characters, who have not changed one whit since they were last seen on the stage. A. E. Matthews once again plays the eccentric Earl of Lister, who makes no pretence of understanding any of his relatives and who will ramble off into inconsequential anecdote at the slightest opportunity; instead of shooting rabbits from the window, this time he shoots seals. His performance really makes the play, which contains some pretty well-worn jokes.

THE WEDDING: Zena Walker as Juliet and Laurence Harvey as Romeo in the wedding scene of the new production of *Romeo and Juliet*, at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Friar Laurence (Leo McKern) stands between.

This third production of the current season at Stratford did little to ease the disappointing impressions made by the first two. The "star-crossed lovers" scarcely rose to the great romantic occasions that Shakespeare created for them. Laurence Harvey, who has the voice and presence for Romeo, made the man a rather mechanical lover. Zena Walker, who is only twenty, brought out the pathos of Juliet; but, for all her sincerity, she could do little to show Juliet blossoming from a child into a woman. Some of the smaller parts were well done, notably Keith Michell's Tybalt and Tony Britton's Mercutio.

THE DESERTER COMES HOME: Edith Evans and James Donald in a scene from Christopher Fry's new play, *The Dark is Light Enough*, at the Aldwych Theatre. This play is the third of Fry's cycle of the seasons. *The Lady's Not for Burning* represented spring, *Venus Observed*, autumn. This he describes as "a winter story." It is set in a country house in the Austro-Hungarian Empire during the Hungarian revolution of 1848. The principal character is the Austrian Countess Rosmarin, impeccably played by Dame Edith Evans. James Donald plays her disreputable son-in-law, who deserts from the rebel army.

PRISONERS ALL: Ron Moody, Geoffrey Hibbert, Digby Wolfe, Peter Felgate and, in centre, Aud Johannsen, in a prison camp sketch from the new revue, *Intimacy at 8.30*, at the Criterion Theatre. This is a new young company whose first edition of this revue appeared at the New Lindsey Theatre early in the year. The revue has been strengthened by the addition of that experienced comedienne Joan Heal, and is extremely funny. Joan Heal has an excellent skit on the titled lady going down a mine with a pick-axe by Cartier and overalls by Dior.

THE DUEL SCENE: Tybalt (Keith Michell) kills Mercutio (Tony Britton), with Romeo intervening, in a scene from Stratford's new production.

CRUELTY TO THE CRUEL SEA: Three nautical authors in a skit on sagas of the sea-war from *Intimacy at 8.30*.

THE R.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH" SLIPS OUT OF HER BERTH ON THE HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK: The giant Cunarder, with a tug at her bows, is seen leaving New York's Pier 90 with 2,191 passengers on board—the largest load she has carried this year. The spring rush of American tourists to Europe has now begun and this aerial picture shows several of the Transatlantic fleet lined up to carry them. At the bottom of the picture is the *Georgic*; next the *Mauretania*; then the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Caronia*, the Greek liner *Olympia*, and the American liner *Independence*.

NEW YORK HARBOUR FILLS UP

The Big Liners Stand By for the Beginning of the Transatlantic Tourist Season of Americans Coming Over to See Europe

LINE OF THE PROPOSED TRUNK ROAD ACROSS THE NORTH DOWNS: The new trunk road, part of the development plan for Surrey, would pass Merstham Church (extreme right of picture), bearing left to Gatton (in the middle distance), on to the Buckland Hills, then along the wooded ridge and across Headley Heath to Leatherhead. Objections to the plan will be heard at Kingston on May 25.

DEVELOPMENT PLANS FOR SURREY

Protests are being Raised Against the Proposed Trunk Road Across the North Downs

The proposed trunk road in Surrey over the North Downs from Merstham to Leatherhead has roused the opposition of the National Trust, the Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, and other societies with an interest in the preservation of unspoiled Surrey. The route runs diagonally across commons and stretches of lovely country, all of which are either in the Metropolitan Green Belt or proposed as a conservation area in the National Parks Report. The objecting societies say that a modern trunk road would ruin the character of this area, which is remote from main roads and much used by riders and walkers.

The part of the road to which objection is taken passes through two National Trust properties; to cross these, of course, the road would have to be sanctioned by Parliament.

LAMBING-TIME ON THE FELLS

With Spring Weather, the Danger Time for Lambs has Passed, but they still Need Great Care from their Shepherds

Lambing-time comes late to the English Lake District. The shepherds of the more southerly regions and even in the Pennine and Northumbrian valleys have got through the greater part of their seasonal worries when the first lambs are being born in the Cumberland and Westmorland dales. Here, the typical breed of sheep is the Herdwick, a hardy strain which is found only on the fellsides of Cumberland and Westmorland. Smaller than the majority of hill breeds, it is covered with a thick coat of coarse grey wool, and its remote ancestors are generally believed to have been brought into the area by the Norse settlers of a thousand years ago. When newly-born, the lambs have black legs, heads and necks, the remainder of the body being silver or steel-grey; as they grow older, the dark parts turn to grey.

Lambing-time has long been invested by the poet with something of the tranquillity of the English spring. Spenser started the fashion in the capricious days of the first Queen Elizabeth, and in the early nineteenth century there was a deluge of poems dealing with the shepherd's place in the pastoral life from the pens of James Hogg (himself a shepherd of the Scottish uplands), Robert Burns, Professor John Wilson (Christopher North), Tennyson, and, of course, William Wordsworth. To-day, our poets look elsewhere for inspiration, but the shepherd is still there

ON THE FURNESS FELLS OF NORTH LANCASHIRE: Percy Marriner, a shepherd of Violet Bank, Hawkshead, is seen tending part of his flock with their new lambs. During a recent bad winter, when sheep losses were heavy, he could boast of not losing one. His sheep are Herdwicks, a breed found only on the Fells.

A HAMLET ON THE FURNESS FELLS: Here a shepherd, accompanied by a small boy, is driving his sheep over the bridge of the village of Broughton Mills.

THE SHEPHERD AS A DOCTOR: At Grisedale, above Ullswater, a shepherd is seen giving an injection to a sick ewe. Science has brought him many new aids.

MARKING A LAMB: One of his sheepdogs watches intelligently as the shepherd daubs a new lamb with red paint at Robinson Place Farm, Langdale. The red paint is supposed to be a protection against foxes.

On left—

MAY ON THE WESTMORLAND FELLS: Near Windermere, on a hillside covered with daffodils, a shepherd does his routine round-up. This year's lamb crop among the hill flocks has been a fair one but not so good as last year's, which was excellent. The fellside Herdwick strain is believed to have been introduced by the Norse settlers of 1,000 years ago.

and the lambs that now jump and frisk about show that his skill has not diminished at all.

Perhaps lambing is a little less hazardous than it used to be. Not long ago a special lambing shepherd was employed by the hill flockmasters at this time of the year. He lived in some hut or bothy on the Fells and among the lambing ewes, and often had special cures and remedies of his own which he used in the case of ailing animals. Considered in the light of modern science, some of them were somewhat crude, but so long as the results were forthcoming he was certain of employment. Many a farmer relied upon the profits from his lamb crop for a good proportion of his Michaelmas rent and was content to place his flock in the care of a competent shepherd. Scientific research has come to the assistance of the hill flockmaster in many ways, but in none more than in the reduction of losses at lambing-time. To-day, the lambing ewes are mainly brought down to the pastures around the farm and the farmer or shepherd carries out periodic inspections, to ensure that all is going well.

There are, naturally, difficulties that cannot be cured by science but only by skilled shepherd-craft. A nervous mother will back away from the strange, wet, swaying creature that approaches to draw at her milk. The shepherd must bring about an early reconciliation. A shearling ewe, suffering the agonies of pregnancy for the first time, is in difficulty when it comes to casting her lamb. Unless human assistance is timely the youngster is apt to succumb to suffocation. The twins born of a weakling mother must be separated and some other ewe induced to take one of them in her charge. And, of course, there is always the problem of the orphan lamb and the necessity to find a foster-mother. Feeding lambs by the bottle may be picturesque so far as the onlooker is concerned, but it is hard work and only used as a last resort.

Taking all in all, the present season has passed off satisfactorily, although the overall lamb crop among the hill flocks is likely to fall somewhat short of that of last year—an excellent season. During the early part of the winter, the weather remained unusually mild and open, and had it been dry there is no doubt that the ewes would have been in magnificent condition by Christmas. But there was far too much rain and, in the hilly districts, a deal of wet mist; these eventually told their tale. The New Year brought a change. Some places had heavy falls of snow, others had long periods of frost, some combined the two. Where the snow was light and the frosts of comparatively short duration, the changed conditions were actually beneficial in compelling the ewes to take to a changed diet of fodder and hay and only the early lambers seem to have suffered. Unfortunately, in many areas, the cold spell continued until well into March, growth was retarded, and, of course, the all-important supplies of milk failed to mature. Naturally, the young sheep suffered more than the older ewes and, on the whole, twin lambs from shearling ewes have been somewhat unwelcome among the hill flocks. One hill farmer told me that he had never known his ewes have as little affection for their offspring as they had this year. They wandered away from their lambs and unless he was about at the time of birth a casualty resulted. That he attributed to a general shortage of milk.

The effects of lambing, of course, extend far beyond the spring months of the year. When the flockmaster goes along to select his tups at the autumn sales, with another season's lamb crop in mind, the price he has to pay, as well as the availability, depends a great deal on the lambing results of the previous springs. The number of draft ewes for the lowland farmers' butcher's beasts (for which the hill flocks serve as the main reservoir) is also greatly dependent on the results of the lambing season, and, often enough, there is quite a gap, brought about by illness and disease, between the number of lambs cut and those presented at the autumn sales.

To lessen that gap is now the aim of the hill shepherd. Even now, when the lambs have been born, there is ever the need for eternal vigilance.

Sydney Moorhouse.

The Race of 7,000 CURVES

PICTURES OF THE GRUELLING MILLE MIGLIA CAR RACE FROM BRESCIA TO ROME AND BACK TO BRESCIA

THE WINNER OF THE MILLE MIGLIA—ALBERTO ASCARI IN HIS RED LANCIA PASSING THROUGH ROME DURING THE 1,000 MILE ROAD RACE: Ascari, world champion driver in 1953, covered the 1,000-mile circuit from Brescia to Rome and back to Brescia in 11 hours 26 mins. 10 secs. at an average speed of 86.7 m.p.h.

CHAIRING THE WINNER: The triumphant Ascari is carried high by his fans. This was the first time that Ascari had completed the circuit.

Once again the Mille Miglia, which is held over what must be one of the most difficult routes in the world, managed to coincide with some of the worst weather in the world. The first car left Brescia in heavy rain, and throughout the 1,000-mile course the roads were wet and, in the later stages, drivers were hindered by mist and fog. This year, a 60-mile detour was included to take the cars through Mantua, the birthplace of T. Nuvolari, the driver who won in 1930 and 1933.

For Alberto Ascari, the winner, the race was a personal triumph, as in every previous year he had entered he had been forced out before the finish by engine trouble. For the Lancia cars it was also a triumph, being the first time in seven years that they had won the race, which is usually dominated by Ferraris. For Italian drivers in general the race was also a success, for as well as winning they held second and third places. Vittorio Marzotto came second, 33 mins. behind Ascari, and Luigi Musso came in third, only nine seconds after Marzotto. But for the British drivers there was no triumph. None of the 3-litre Aston Martins, thought to be Britain's strongest team, finished the race. Two of the Austin Healeys, also thought to be in a strong position, failed to finish.

One accident in the race had the officials puzzled. A tiny Fiat, with a large number 60 painted on it, crashed into a shallow canal. According to the entry-list, there was no car of that make and number entered in the race. In the car, were two rather shaken but not seriously hurt fourteen-year-old boys who confessed that they had borrowed their father's runabout and "entered unofficially."

OF THE BRITISH CARS AT A CHECK-POINT IN ROME: M. Gatsonides and K. Richardson are seen in their Triumph sports car. No British driver gained a place in the race, and the Aston Martin team, the strongest British entry, failed to finish.

THE BABY CARS WERE THERE, TOO: One of the small Isetta cars chugging its way round the gruelling course. Five of these cars were entered, and four of them finished the course.

LAST YEAR'S WINNER FAILS TO FINISH: Giannino Marzotto seen speeding through Verona in his Ferrari. Later he had to drop out because his sister-in-law, who was acting as his co-driver, became "automobile sick."

THE FIRST CAR TO FALL FOUL OF THE SLIPPERY ROADS: This is Farina's Ferrari seen after it had skidded off the road into a tree. Farina sustained a broken arm.

THE WRECKAGE OF THE CITROËN IN WHICH A FRENCH DRIVER WAS KILLED: Andre Pouschol, the driver of this car, was killed when it skidded into a signpost during the Mille Miglia race. The co-driver, Gabriel Saisse, was seriously injured, and eight spectators, four men and four women, were hurt.

A VIEW FROM THE ISLAND OF GIGLIO, OFF THE COAST OF ITALY, SHOWING THE CASTLE: Giglio is one of the many small islands that are dotted around the coastline of Europe, stretching from the Norwegian fiords to the Mediterranean, where ideal holidays may be spent. Many of these isles have not yet been "discovered" by the tourist, although they can offer many modern comforts to the holiday-maker.

The Sphere of Travel

THE ISLAND RESORTS OF EUROPE

Some of the Many Islands, Large and Small, Dotted Around the Coasts of Europe, Which Offer Excellent Opportunities to Holiday-makers

By GORDON COOPER

IN that charming play *Mary Rose*, Bareri tells us of the "Island-that-Likes-to-be-Visited," and I think there are quite a number of people whose idea of an idyllic holiday is to stay for a time upon land surrounded on all sides by a glittering girdle of water. For there is something unpredictable about an island: the water which isolates it from the prosaic mainland cuts it off at the same time from the prosaic happenings of everyday life, so that anything may happen there, and even the laws of probability seem to have no jurisdiction. Needless to say, the perfect island should be reasonably small, otherwise you do not get the true island thrill.

There must be around 250,000 islands in Europe—Norway alone has 100,000, Finland 60,000—so there is a wide choice, although, of course, the vast majority of these islands are uninhabited. On the other hand, only a very few, such as Capri, Rab and Ibiza, have been developed as popular holiday resorts; but several more are on the way. Here I will restrict myself to some of the lesser-known ones: islands which are not yet overcrowded, but have reasonably satisfactory hotel accommodation.

Starting with Scandinavia, I am sure that Sweden's Gotland and Denmark's Bornholm, both in the Baltic, will not disappoint the island-lover. The former's capital, Visby, is called the "City of Ruins and Roses," and it is the only walled town in Northern Europe. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it was the most powerful, largest and richest city of the Hanseatic League. To-day it slumbers, its great, ruined churches covered with roses. The wall is over two miles long, and is in good condition. Elsewhere on the island are Viking, Minoan, Greek, Byzantine, Roman and Arabic traces, indicating its one-time importance. From Stockholm to Visby is an overnight journey by boat, or about sixty minutes by plane.

In my last article I made brief mention of Bornholm, but I will repeat that this is one of the most delightful holiday islands in all Europe. Even its climate is almost sub-tropical and distinctly warmer than that of the mainland. Its spectacular scenery, its unique round fortress-churches, its cliff walks, and its charming fisher villages of the east coast combine to make it a sea-treasure. Gudhjem (Jantzen's Hotel) is my recommendation for a holiday there. Bornholm is reached by overnight boat from Copenhagen, also by plane. You can, in fact, leave London mid-afternoon, spend the night in Copenhagen, and reach your destination shortly after breakfast the following morning. By sea and rail, the journey takes about thirty hours.

Off the North Sea coast of Germany, there is the chain of the "Seven East Frisian Isles." Of these, Borkum and Norderney are in the large and fashionable class, Juist and Langeoog for the family, while Baltrum, Spiekeroog and Wangerooge are quite simple places, but with excellent beaches and adequate hotel accommodation. The German Tourist Information Bureau (6, Vigo Street, London, W.1) can supply further particulars.

There are some rather similar islands off the Dutch coast, Texel being the largest and, perhaps, the most interesting, especially for nature-lovers. Everywhere there are birds—over a hundred varieties being recorded—and at the north end of the island is an area known as "Eierland" (Egg Country), because of the large number of gulls and other sea-birds that nest there. Varied plants flourish, some of them being extremely rare specimens, but they are protected by law. While May and June are the best months for bird-lovers, the island has also the attraction of a glorious beach. There are hotels and boarding-houses, a fairly frequent ferry service from Den Helder on the mainland, and for further information, apply to the V.V.V. office at Den Burg, Texel.

Brittany is the richest part of France for islands, and off her coast are some very attractive ones. Having visited all the inhabited ones, my own short list of three to recommend would be Bréhat, Ouessant and Groix. Bréhat, although it lies in the English Channel, has an exceptionally mild climate and sub-tropical vegetation, and a most picturesque coastline. It is a favoured spot for artists, and there is comfortable inn accommodation. The local Syndicative d'Initiative issues an informative leaflet. There is a frequent ferry service between Pointe de l'Arcouest on the mainland, four miles north of Paimpol, and Port-Clos on the island.

If you are a bad sailor, do not choose Ouessant for an island holiday, for it is seldom that the little service steamer does not roll and pitch. Otherwise, this spot offers considerable fascination for island-lovers. It is a barren land, encircled by steep cliffs, and has a wealth of legendary history, for it is maintained that it was once the stronghold of worshippers of the Sun God. There are also many signs of Druidic and pre-Druidic worship. This is the Thule of legend—the Isle of Terror. And if you strike the right time you may witness a curious custom still maintained by the islanders: the *prœlla*, or symbolical funeral of a sailor lost at sea. There are two services a week between Brest and Lampaul (Ouessant), where there is a small hotel. The trip takes three-and-a-half hours, but only two hours if you join the steamer at le Conquet.

Groix is about the same size as Ouessant, but with a very different character and appearance, for it has a smiling and pleasant aspect. There are several sheltered bays, and two harbours, one of which, Port-Tudy (inn accommodation), is very picturesque, especially when it is crowded with tunny-fishing boats. You can even arrange to go out on this exciting sport. Indeed, the Gresillons (the inhabitants) claim that they introduced it to this part of France. There are several daily steamer services between Lorient and Port-Tudy.

Although the Canaries are, geographically, not part of Europe, yet, politically, they count as part of metropolitan Spain. For this reason I feel I can include a mention of them, especially La Palma (not to be confused with Las Palmas, on Grand Canary), which is the loveliest of the group. In Puerto de la Cruz, the capital, there is one of the excellent paradors run by the Spanish State Tourist Department. If ever the doctor orders me abroad to recover from a nervous breakdown, I shall make for this spot, either by air or ship, to Teneriffe, and then by an overnight journey in local steamer to La Palma. I think this is a pretty good recommendation.

In the Balearics, which in certain popular centres are flooded during the summer with British and other visitors, it is still quite easy to get off the beaten track. At the same time, I can think of no better value in a luxury hotel than at the Formentor in Pollensa, on Majorca. For around £2 a day you can enjoy a sybaritic existence in a lotus-land setting. If you are, however, interested in prehistoric dolmens, cromlechs, and rather scrappy Roman remains, then there is Minorca, the least attractive otherwise of the three main islands. For myself, I prefer Ibiza, and preferably at Santa Eulalia del Rio, which has so far escaped the attentions of organised tours, like San Antonio.

Lastly, I bring you to Italy, to Elba, with all its historical associations, its glorious wines, its magnificent beaches, and, not least, to the Fonte Napoleone Hotel at Marciana. I rank it, indeed, as one of the perfect hotels of Europe; in fact, for beauty of position and artistic *décor* I doubt if any other hotel can excel it. This establishment is naturally not cheap in price but it is worth every lira that you pay. Still, if you are thrift-minded, there is the near-by Monte Capanne Hotel, which I can recommend.

There are, however, other islands in the Tuscan Archipelago which are enchanting. Foremost is Giglio, with its colourful, tiny port of Giglio Porto. This is the place for leading the simple life. You can swim, sun-bathe, sail, fish and laze. You can live on fresh lobsters, and the local wine is excellent. There is only simple accommodation, although I hear that hotels are now being built—a regrettable sign that this idyllic spot has been discovered. So, if you really wish to escape, I suggest the small island of Gorgona, west of Leghorn, which is very lovely, but there is no hotel. You could, however, arrange private lodgings.

Further south, in the Tyrrhenian Sea, is Ponza, the "island of Rome." It is a rugged, beautiful island of myths and legends, with a fine climate, fantastic rocks and picturesque grottoes, and tiny crescent-shaped beaches. It is an excellent centre for under-water fishing. Access to it is from Gaeta, and simple hotel accommodation is available. The "Ente Turismo," Latina, or the Italian State Tourist Department (201, Regent Street, London, W.1) could provide further information.

Under-water fishing can also be enjoyed around the Æolian Islands. The Underwater Explorers' Club has a centre at Panarea, one of the group, where training is given in underwater swimming and yachting by expert instructors. Quo Vadis Tours Limited (203, Regent Street, London, W.1) can supply further information, also about similar sporting arrangements at Xylokastron, near Corinth, in Greece, and at San Antonio, Ibiza.

The Æolian Islands, however, have other interests, for they are of considerable archæological importance. Lipari, the largest island in the Archipelago, makes a good centre, while recent investigations have brought to light many important monuments and relics, dating back to prehistoric, Greek, Roman, Byzantine and Norman times. The Provincial Tourist Office have a little guide (in English) dealing with the Æolian Islands.

I have not mentioned the islands of Greece and Yugoslavia, for the reason that when this article appears I will be out on a voyage of discovery in these two parts of the Mediterranean. I hope to return with some useful information, perhaps even with the finding of some isle "peopled with fairies who charm mortals with sweet music, and steal them away to dance for ever in fairy meadows."

PORT MAHON, THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF MINORCA: Minorca is one of the Balearic islands belonging to Spain, and has many interesting Roman remains. The island was a municipium in the Roman Empire.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

ADVENTURE STORIES

In this Week's Selection of Books the Accent, in Both Fiction and Biographies, is on Adventure—Spiritual and Physical

ADVENTURE, spiritual, physical or just domestic, is the keyword of many of this week's books, whether autobiographical or fictional. And in case anyone should think that domestic ventures are necessarily tame, I would recommend them to read Mrs. Monica Edwards' story, THE UNSOUGHT FARM (Michael Joseph. 15s.), in which she tells of buying a ruined Surrey farmhouse almost by accident, and, with her husband's and children's enthusiastic help, making it into a delightful home and a productive farm. That family, let it be said immediately, was one in a million, for when Mrs. Edwards returned from the auction and announced : " The house is in ruins, there 's no water, no light, no drains, no bathroom, and the Other Place is at the bottom of the garden," she was merely greeted with cries of " Oh, *mother* ! As if anyone cared about that ! "

Life is seldom idyllic on even the best of farms, and the work that confronted the author and her husband was really overwhelming, even before they could make the place decently habitable on the time and money at their disposal. But work they did, and after six years, and such miraculous feats as having put in their own central heating, were comfortably as well as beautifully housed, and engaged on the farm itself in T.T. milk production. And this, although it may have happened within forty miles of London, seems to me to epitomise a true spirit of adventure.

I TOOK CHANCES (Backus. 25s.) is the magnificently apt title of the autobiography of Mr. Percy Norman Furber, who will be ninety years old next year, and whose whole life has been so crammed with daring feats that it would be difficult to summarise them. He was the thirteenth of his father's twenty-two children, of whom nineteen were sons, and spent his childhood more or less conventionally in St. John's Wood and at a preparatory school in Dorset, though his stay at the latter was enlivened by such oddities as the care of some Japanese rats, and the unforgettable day when the vicar's daughter, who had contrived her bustle with newspapers and tied it on with tape, lost it in church when she rose to sing a hymn. He left this school after he had knocked the headmaster out with a well-placed right to the jaw and, when his father agreed that Charterhouse was perhaps a mistake, went to sea.

Mr. Furber has been, since his midshipman days in a windjammer, a surveyor, a steeplechase rider, an extremely gregarious man about town, the manager of a quicksilver mine in Mexico, an oil engineer there at the turn of the century, and the president of an important oil company, while in the First World War he travelled ceaselessly across the Atlantic between America and England, and to the battle zones of France, as well as being appointed courier to the British Embassy in Petrograd before the revolution.

In America, at almost sixty, Mr. Furber decided to try something new, and this time turned his talents for development from oil fields to the rear-projection movie screen and lens. This, too, after a series of difficulties and lawsuits, was a success in a very big way, and he is still chairman and director of several business corporations in the United States. One of his latest exploits, a year or two ago, has been to fly from London to Rome in a B.O.A.C. jet Comet, and he closes the book with the hope that he will soon be able to fly to London for luncheon and back to Connecticut for dinner. " At least," he adds characteristically, " if I am offered the chance, I shall take it."

Mr. Bill Powell is a professional wildfowler, that " king among sports," as Mr. Peter Scott calls it, and he has written of his version of the adventurous life, not only in the dark, cold hours waiting for the morning flight, but earlier in his career, as a Scout pilot in the Royal Flying Corps in the First World War, and as a reluctant Civil Servant in the Second. MY WILD GOOSE CHASE (Allen and Unwin. 16s.) could be described as fitfully autobiographical, for the thread of the author's own story is sometimes a little difficult to follow, but the value of the book lies not so much in the vicissitudes of his career, as in the memorably described forays in lonely marshes and estuaries, and in the invincible good humour with which he writes.

The stage, to Miss Patricia Don Young, meant both her ambition and the adventure of her life, and in 1936 she approached it rationally, but in fear and trembling, by a student audition at the Old Vic, before the redoubtable Lilian Baylis herself. DRAMATIC SCHOOL (Peter Davies. 15s.) is her story of her theatrical initiation there, after she had been accepted as a student and started on the two years of hard work and discipline that are the tradition of the Old Vic. Miss Young's pages reflect, even at this distance, the enthusiasms and exhaustions and disappointments of those days, the impact of Dame Lilian's personality, the excitement of seeing " the great ones " at rehearsal, Olivier, Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn, Sybil Thorndike, and the awakening of a really professional criticism that could be applied to herself.

THE CHRISTIANITY IN BOOKS EXHIBITION HELD IN THE CRYPT OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, LONDON : A view of part of the Exhibition, which is open until to-day (May 15). The Exhibition shows the wide range of religious literature. The Bible, of course, is the most frequently published book, and can be seen at the Exhibition in many editions and languages. There are also exhibits of the works of modern theologians, and new editions of ancient Christian writers.

ECHOES (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.) is a collection of twenty-eight of Sir Compton Mackenzie's radio talks, many of which would prove that it *is* possible to translate the spoken into the printed word with effect, if Sir Max Beerbohm had not already demonstrated it with such effect. Sir Compton writes about such varied subjects as his grandmother's theatre book—for many years she managed the Lyceum Theatre ; his own first novel, written in spite of the fact that he always wanted to be a playwright ; old omnibuses, and the delights of old sweets, in which connection I was sorry to see that he omits whipped cream walnuts. Writing, or talking, of the great figures of the past he has known, he includes Ellen Terry, Henry James and his " ceremonious warmth," Sir Edward Elgar, " with that in his voice which warned me not to attempt to sit at his feet," and " Don Roberto " Cunninghame Graham.

Bishop Fulton Sheen's book, LIFE IS WORTH LIVING (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is a collection of talks, too, though his were originally given through the medium of television in the United States, where they had an immense success. In his preface for British readers the Bishop explains that the talks were originally made without notes, but that since they were recorded during the telecast, all that was necessary was to transcribe them into a book. " It is now proven," he writes with some modesty, " that if a person talks only half-an-hour a week for twenty-six weeks, he already has material enough for a book." The simple but essential fact that the talker must have his own form of genius to make the book as striking and sometimes as moving as this one, with its simplicity, its humour and its piety, is dismissed without a word.

Mr. Bruce Marshall writes of soldiers and not, as before, of priests in his excellent new novel, ONLY FADE AWAY (Constable. 12s. 6d.), which treats of a Regular Army officer and the practical martyrdom of his life. While at school, Strang Methuen knocks down the school bully, one Hermiston, who thereupon dedicates the rest of his life, for both men join the Army, to bringing disaster upon him. The tragedy of the story is Hermiston's success in this, for it is through him and, it must be admitted, the hero's slight gormlessness, that he is accused of cowardice in the First World War and, although the charge is quashed, lives through an unhappy inter-war period, to have the same disaster befall him in Italy in 1944.

So much ill-luck and so consistently hopeless a sequence of rises and greater falls should, logically, make dispiriting reading. That it does not, but, on the contrary, makes the stuff of an absorbing story, is due only to Mr. Marshall's skill as a novelist and sympathetic insight as a student of human nature.

In Miss Barbara Golden's new novel, the principal character is the youngest and plainest daughter of a country clergyman, who dies young and on arriving at the entrance of Paradise, is questioned and allowed to return to earth for another chance at life, this time with the material difference of being very beautiful and with a kind of bonus, in the capacity to express her opinions. RETURN JOURNEY (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is in other respects, however, not as fanciful as the theme would indicate, and even mildly funny in its account of some of the girl's passages with the local exponents of the seven deadly sins.

It is fourteen years since Mr. Wyndham Lewis wrote a new novel, a fact which lends an even greater interest to the reading of SELF-CONDEMNED (Methuen. 15s.), a book for which the *pros* and *cons* could be stated with equal force, and which bears the imprint of his originality on every page. The story is of a young history professor who deliberately wrecks his own career, and exiles himself and his wife to Canada just before the Second World War. There for three years they live in an hotel and, more confining, in an hotel bedroom.

When a fire destroys the hotel and their only friend is murdered, the balance of the wife's mind is (understandably perhaps) affected, but, meanwhile, the Professor is offered a Chair in the Canadian city university, and, when he accepts it, the wife's breakdown is complete. Sombre and violent as the theme is, it gives Mr. Wyndham Lewis an opportunity for his own kind of pyrotechnics, for some amazingly acute observation, for endless digressions, and even for expressions of his curiously individual wit.

BORGNEFESSE CONFESSES ALL

The Story of a Seventeenth-century Buccaneer

The adventures of the seventeenth-century French buccaneer, Louis Adhémar Timothée Le Golif, otherwise known as Borgnefesse, because he had lost the flesh of one buttock in a fight, are almost too good to be true, as also is the story of their discovery amid the ruins of St. Malo when that ancient city of the Corsairs was laid in ruins by American and German gunfire in the 1944 invasion of Europe. It seems, however, that we must accept the fact that Le Golif was a very good writer indeed in the twentieth-century manner, coupling this gift with an unquenchable enthusiasm for storming Spanish fortresses for loot and storming women's hearts wherever he went in the Caribbean Sea. THE MEMOIRS OF A BUCCANEER (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) have been edited by Gustave Alaux, a painter of seascapes, and A. t'Serstevens, the French novelist. The manuscript was found in a collapsed cellar which had been previously walled up. It lay in an old trunk crushed by stonework and partly consumed by flames and by rats. In manuscript form the memoirs were very lengthy, without paragraphs or chapter heads of any kind, and with long-winded accounts of piratical engagements. The editors have done their job with some ruthlessness, and the resultant book covers only 236 pages. What remains, however, is a well-co-ordinated, exciting, often hilarious, and sometimes bloody tale of voyaging among the West Indian islands, of raids upon the towns of New Spain, of plundering, seduction, duelling, rapine, feasting and drinking. Le Golif sailed on many of his adventures in the good ship *Jovial Tiburon*, which he boarded and captured from a smaller craft. One of his greatest adventures was the capture of Cucuba, a town near the city of Caracas, where the buccaneers made a dawn raid and, having shut up all the menfolk, proceeded to survey the captured town. As ransom Le Golif received 2,000 ducats in gold and into the bargain he had a very entertaining encounter with the wife of the Alcade, who, by arrangement, put up a mock resistance to his charms to safeguard her future reputation. This is a tale that will beyond doubt hold readers enthralled, but one cannot escape the feeling that the history has been edited right out of it, with the choicer tales, written with such relish by the ageing buccaneer, spotlit to meet the needs of this unsubtle age.

Here is the story of another French adventurer ; this time under the sea. In his admirable volume, TO HIDDEN DEPTHS (William Kimber. 16s.), Captain Philippe Tailliez, Commander of the French Navy's Undersea Research Group, describes some of the 1,500 or more descents he has made. His adventures have ranged from hunting with an undersea gun to locating the wreck of a vessel with a cargo of art treasures sunk 2,000 years ago. Captain Tailliez has made descents in the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the South China Sea, all without lines to the surface of the sea. Excellent photographs adorn this well-produced volume.

Pepi, an Austrian medical student who gained a commission in the German Army, was captured by the Russians at Stalingrad, and escaped from prison to join the Russian Army, which he hoped would give him in due course the opportunity of getting home to Austria. His war-time and post-war story, with its very detailed accounts of life in Soviet Russia, has been told to Godfrey Lias, who recounts it under the title, I SURVIVED (Evans Brothers. 12s. 6d.). The chapter on conditions in Gorki, where Pepi worked on a school building, is most revealing. Russian workers are tied to certain projects and may not leave a job without permission ; but in the bazaars of Gorki—and, for that matter, in any other town—the necessary transfer document can always be arranged, providing officials and traders with a very lucrative income. *I Survived* is a most valuable document on modern Russia, not least because it avoids the beaten track of propaganda.

American gaol-birds are very busy these days wielding the pen for profit. Only recently we were regaled with the memoirs of a gentleman who is doing 160 years in a State penitentiary because he could not resist the lure of bank-breaking. Tom Runyon, who is serving the seventeenth year of a life sentence in Iowa State Penitentiary, was also a bank robber by trade, and his story, IN FOR LIFE (Andre Deutsch. 15s.), is well told. This man who seemed to be so confused when he walked among free men, seems to see things very clearly from the dreadful detachment of prison.

Hodder and Stoughton have done some high-speed work in bringing out Gordon Ross's THE BOAT RACE (16s. net), an account of the first hundred years of the great inter-Varsity contest and including pictures and a description of the hundredth race, which was rowed only last month.

THE WAY OF THE FOUR WINDS (Gollancz. 16s.), a story of Lapland by Yrjö Kokko and translated by Naomi Walford, has achieved great success in Scandinavia, where it won the Grand Literary Prize of the Finnish State in 1949 and has gone into many editions in Swedish, Norwegian and Danish. It is a first-rate account of life in this sub-Arctic land just before the outbreak of World War II.

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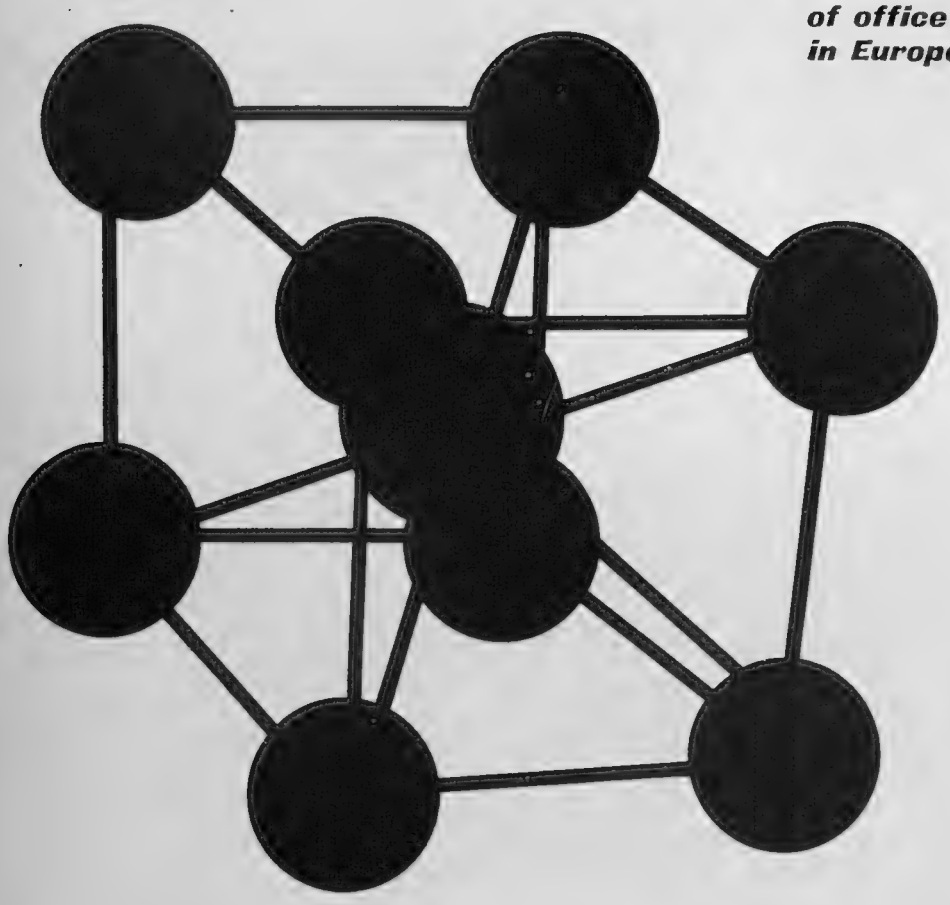

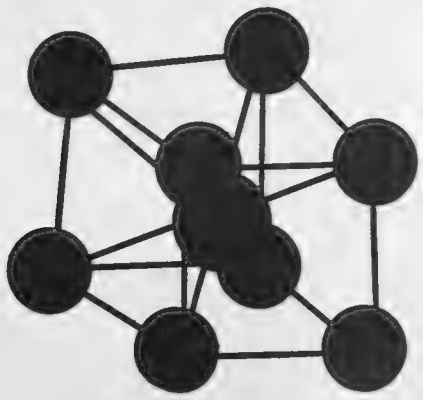

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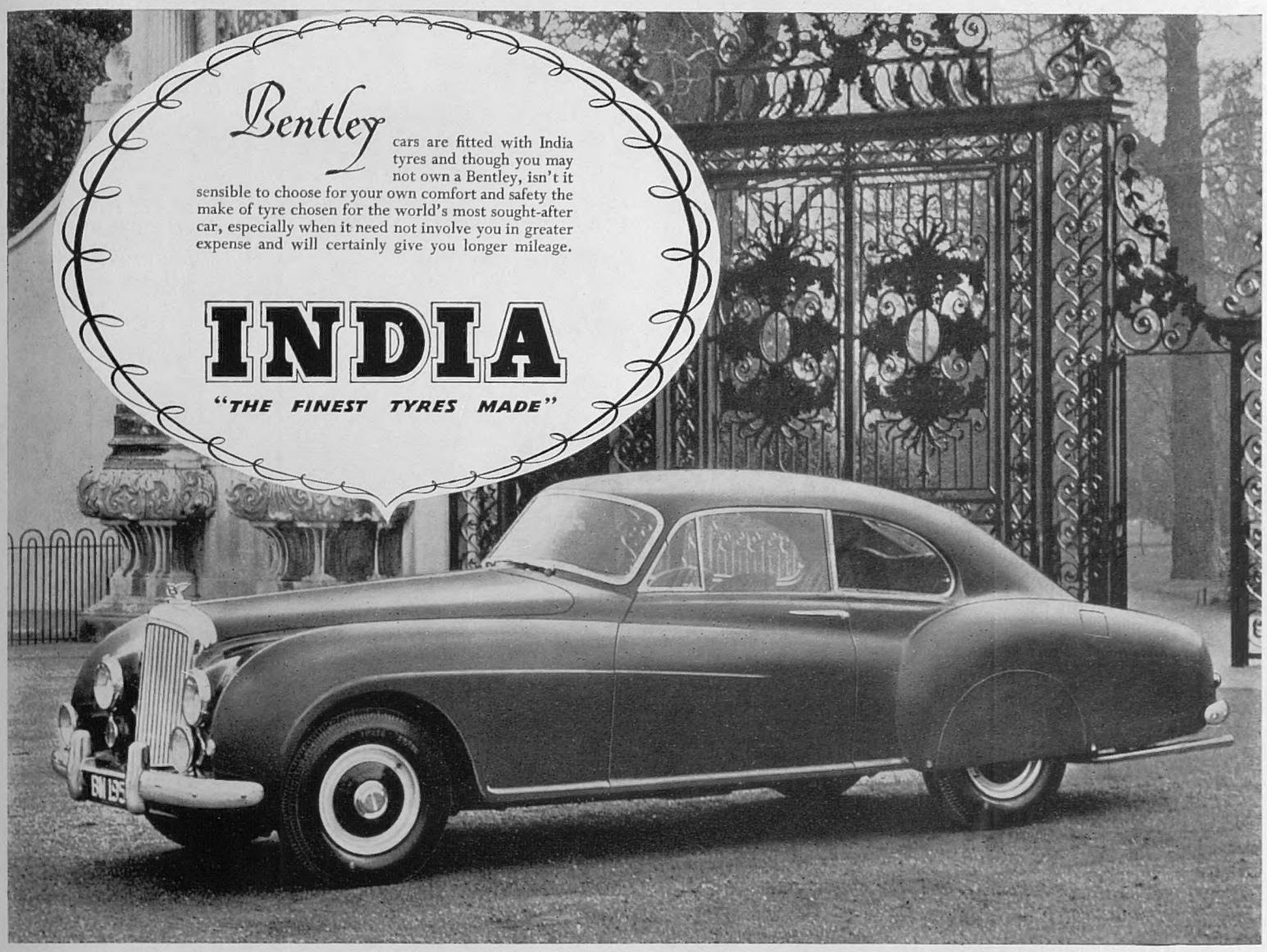

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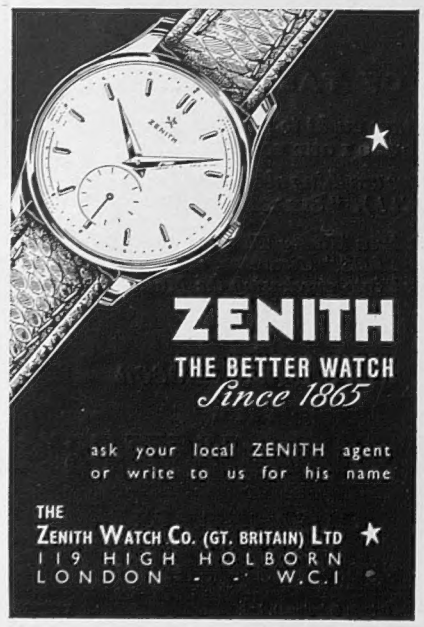

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ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

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WHAT a fascinating spot is that sheltered niche of the Kentish coast, St. Margaret's Bay, and what a dominating position the pleasing Granville Hotel has of bathing and prawning on the beach below, of Channel shipping, and beyond on clear days—the coast of France. The beautifully-kept grounds are not only a testimony to the sheltered position of St. Margaret's Bay, but a tribute to the well-groomed appearance of the hotel throughout. For twenty years I have known The Granville, and revisiting it on a spring day when sun rays can so easily show up imperfections, the whole hotel seemed as fresh and attractive as the day on which it was opened. For a quiet holiday with splendid coastal walks, for a feast of golf (five famous courses within eight miles, including the Kingsdown Golf Club, the Royal St. George's and Royal Cinque Ports), or for a lazy time enjoying the marine atmosphere of the Terrace Bar, every aspect of this uniquely positioned hotel will please you. For those staying elsewhere, I commend The Granville as a worthwhile objective for a meal.

Another hotel which warrants a spotlight is The Ship at Chichester. The Romans saw to it that you could enter this Sussex cathedral city from all four points of the compass, and approaching from the north to-day, The Ship is to be found on the left-hand side of North Street. Like most Georgian buildings, it has a pleasing appearance without and within. First you are likely to comment on the lovely Adam staircase, which in perfect symmetry, spirals to the upper floors. Not that there is any need to use it, for a noiseless electric lift aids and abets the all-in feeling of restfulness. Most bedrooms face on to a quiet side street or across to playing fields, and each, named after one of the old clipper ships—*Tamar, Hesperus,* and so on—are a reminder that Chichester, besides being an ecclesiastical See, is closely allied to the sea. Spick and span as any ocean-going liner, The Ship wears an air of well management. The catering is excellent, the attentiveness of the head waiter and his staff—profound. The prospect of returning there will always give pleasure.

If you seek a well-run hotel with a view—consider too, according to your taste and inclination one of the following: Lake Vyrnwy Hotel in Wales, 34½ miles west of Shrewsbury. Here from one's bedroom you can view the length and breadth of Liverpool's principal water supply, with the mountains of Arran Mawddwy rising in the distance; The Falmouth Hotel, Falmouth, where from the casement-windowed sun lounge, and many of the bedrooms, one views a wide expanse of seascape and cliff scenery. In Ireland, one of the finest views from any hotel is that of Carrantouhill, the highest mountain in Ireland, and the world-famed McGillycuddy Reeks, as seen from the Caragh Lake Hotel. Scotland is a feast of views, but whenever I stay at Dalmunzie House Hotel in the Spittal of Glenshee, I feel, as the morning curtains are drawn, that I am surveying the very heart of Scotland.

If you are contemplating a motoring holiday this year, include the Barmouth–Dolgelley coastal road in your itinerary. There is only one that can equal it, I am told, and that is the road from Dolgelley-Barmouth. Either way the carriage-drive up to Bontddu Hall Hotel leads off it and the views of Cader Idris and the Mawddach Estuary, as seen from the bedroom windows and terrace of this hotel, are unforgettable. The Grand and the Imperial Hotels, Torquay, dominate Torbay, and from the terrace of either, on a summer evening, the myriad twinkling lights of Torbay provide a fine spectacle. Moorland also has its scenic charm, and down Exmoor way it is pleasant on spring and summer days to sit on the verandah of The Dunkery Beacon Hotel at Wootton Courtenay and watch the changing shades and shadows on Dunkery Beacon.

It may be that your ideal in views is bound up in your favourite sport—golf, sailing or fishing.

For a vista of greens, fairways and bunkers, I offer you a bedroom view from The Marine, North Berwick, where from daylight to dusk all else is forgotten in the relentless pursuit of a little white ball.

A number of first-class hotels come to mind when people ask about sailing holidays. What more varied spectacle could one have of white sail and power-propelled craft than from the lawns and windows of The George at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight? Here you will hear not only talk of the sea, but of food and wine, for The George is rather famed for its cuisine.

Then for those who prefer the more tranquil waters of a lake, The Old England Hotel, at Bowness-on-Windermere, comes to mind. It so happens that my visits have always coincided with that happy blending of sunshine and shadow, and while sitting on its verandah balcony, or on the lawns sloping down to the water's edge, I have enjoyed to the full the act of sailing as a spectator.

For the fisherman who angles for a hotel with a view I doubt whether I could better Plaish House Hotel at Winkton, on the Hampshire Avon. It is situated in six acres or so of ground just where the road has to take evasive action to avoid the river. Here from your bedroom window it is pleasant—even if you cannot catch your fish—to watch him rising!

Yet for some the best view of all is that picture of a tucked-away English village on the road to nowhere. A few houses forming a homogeneous whole, a weather-beaten church, and the swinging sign of the village inn. I have one such village in mind as I write: Blanchland, in Northumberland, ten miles south-east of Hexham. The inn? The Lord Crewe Arms, tough in structure, friendly in character and equipped and furnished in accordance with the high standards of its owners: Vaux Associated Breweries Ltd.

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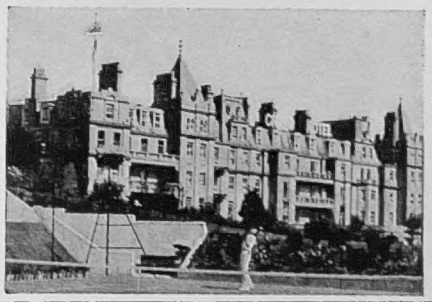
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